THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIII.—No. 949

FEBRUARY 8, 1922

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CHELSEA ARTS BALL—Impressions by 21 Famous Artists

MOTOR TYRES AT
1/3 of Present Market Prices
Send your worn tyres to
ALMAGAM
MILLS·HARPENDEN
3000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS
A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.—Leighton Buzzard: "I am very pleased with the cover you retreaded for me in August last. It is wearing well, and the other one that is on the van is wearing well too; in fact, much better than some new ones I have had."

By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.
BOLLINGER'S
CHAMPAGNE
1914
Vintage

Reduced Price 1/11 per yard
TAMBORINA
The Beautiful Lawn for Beautiful Lingerie
A Shade for every Mood
In 25 Shades
42 Inches Wide
Write for Patterns & a Draper's Address
J. & N. PHILIPS & Co. LTD.
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MANCHESTER

The LANCET says:—"Good teas present twice the physiological value of common teas."
WHY NOT PROCURE THE BEST?
"U.K." TEAS
TRADE MARK
"U.K." TEAS
—a Reliable Guarantee.
SAMPLES AND PRICE LIST SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.
UNITED KINGDOM TEA CO., LTD., 1, Paul St., London, E.C. 2.
TEA MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING AND TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

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MAGNESIA.

Stomach Troubles in Infancy
are quickly relieved by DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
It prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion and is at all times a safe and effective aperient.
The universal remedy for ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, SOUR ERUCTATIONS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
Solid or powdered Magnesia should on no account be given to infants or taken by adults, as it is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels, endangering or even destroying life.
No such risk arises from the use of Dinneford's Magnesia, recommended by doctors for over 100 years.
AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Price 1/3 and 2/9 per bottle.

THE FINEST MOTOR CAR VALUE IN THE WORLD

The 19·6 h.p.

Crossley

ONE of the reasons for the great success of the 19·6 h.p. Crossley is the fact that it gives *efficiency with economy*. Its road performance satisfies the most exacting, whilst so far as fuel consumption is concerned it gives better results than any other car of similar capacity. The four-seater Coupé, illustrated below, is the ideal all-weather type of car, being rapidly converted from a closed to an open car by simply lowering the hood. Full details of this and other types of the 19·6 h.p. Crossley gladly sent on request.

Chassis, with full equipment - - - - **£670**

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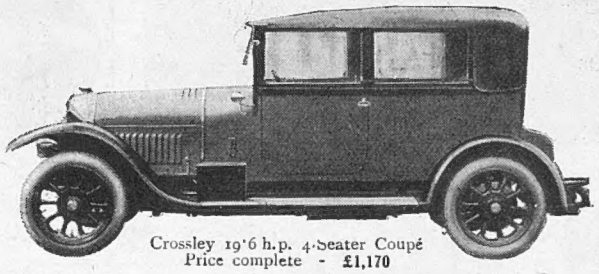
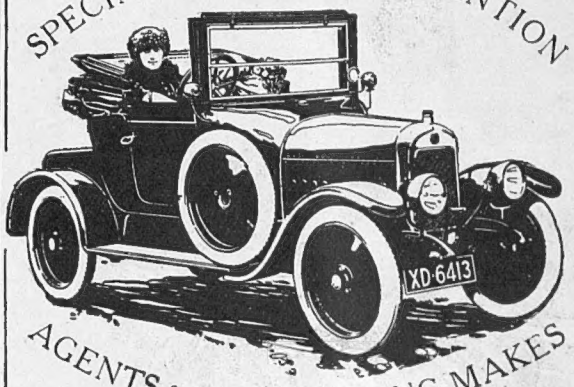


Crossley 19·6 h.p. 4-Seater Coupé
Price complete - £1,170

IDEAL CARS for LADIES

SPECIAL SERVICE & ATTENTION



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Elegant Bodies.

Economical Upkeep.

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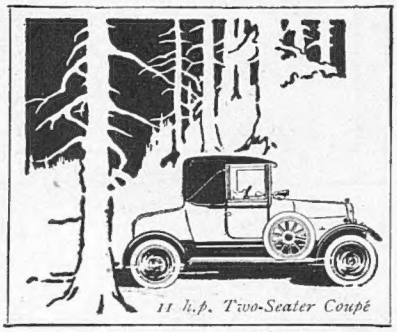
Deferred Payments if desired.

You cannot do better than invest your money in a Hillman



11 h.p. Two-Seater Coupé

THE HILLMAN Two-Seater Coupé is a model with all the qualities of a touring car plus the advantages of an open or closed body at will. Fine coachwork and beautiful upholstery add much to the appearance and comfort of the car, whilst its distinction and air of quality will appeal to that class of motorist who can command the best. It is particularly suitable for the professional man or as a lady's semi-town carriage, adaptable to the needs of Town or Country—Winter or Summer—always right for every occasion and climate.

11 h.p. HILLMAN Two-Seater Coupé .. £570
11 h.p. HILLMAN Four-Seater Coupé .. £630
11 h.p. HILLMAN Four-Seater Touring .. £550
11 h.p. HILLMAN Two-Seater Touring .. £495

Specifications and full particulars from

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
COVENTRY.

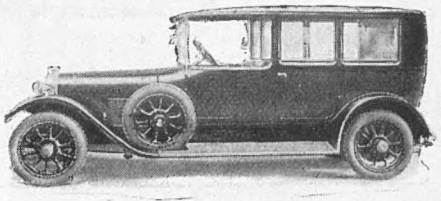
Hillman

"The most improved Cars of 1922."

This is the considered judgment of those who have tried the present type 16/40 h.p. and 24/60 h.p.

SUNBEAM CARS

This improvement is largely due to the entirely new OVERHEAD VALVE ENGINES with which these cars are now fitted.



THE SUNBEAM
LIMOUSINE LANDAULETTE
24/60 h.p. model **£1625**
16/40 h.p. ,, **£1300**

Completely equipped and ready for the road.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR COMPANY LTD.

LONDON SHOWROOMS - 12, Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1
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SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES, 100-900 h.p.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL AND UNION BANK OF ENGLAND, LIMITED

Head Office: 15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2.

CAPITAL—Authorised ...	£60,000,000	
Paid up		£9,309,416
Uncalled		5,839,611
Reserve Liability		28,298,053
Subscribed Capital		£43,447,080

RESERVE FUND (invested in British Government Securities), **£8,878,041.**

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LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, *31st December, 1921.*

	£	s.	d.
Paid-up Capital	9,309,416	0	0
Reserve Fund	8,878,041	0	0
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including rebate on Bills not due, provisions for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &c.	272,933,344	10	6
Acceptances, Endorsements, &c.	2,863,920	17	11
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward to 1922	889,249	13	4
	£294,873,972	1	9

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Cash in hand, at Call and Short Notice				57,345,002	8	7
Bills Discounted, including Treasury Bills				55,729,175	7	8
INVESTMENTS—						
British Government Securities	38,925,849	17	0			
Other Securities	9,183,876	14	0			
				48,109,726	11	0
Loans, &c.				126,936,993	16	2
Bank Premises				3,889,153	0	5
Liability of Customers for Acceptances, &c., as per Contra				2,863,920	17	11
				£294,873,972	1	9

M. O. FITZGERALD, F. C. LE MARCHANT, J. A. CLUTTON-BROCK. } *Directors.*
A. G. HOPEWELL, L. E. THOMAS, A. E. LEWIS, } *Joint General Managers.*

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The Bank has over ONE THOUSAND OFFICES in ENGLAND and WALES, together with Agents in all parts of the WORLD. Every description of BRITISH, COLONIAL and FOREIGN BANKING Business transacted. Trusteeships and Executorships undertaken.

COUTTS & CO., Established 1692, is affiliated with this Bank.

Auxiliary:

LLOYDS & NATIONAL PROVINCIAL FOREIGN BANK, LIMITED.

PRINCESS MARY'S WEDDING

will be most elaborately dealt with in

THE GRAPHIC.

This journal, which has had such great experience, and has gained a great reputation in dealing with events in the life of the Royal Family, rises to the occasion in picturing the Princess's Wedding.

The number of pages will be greatly increased to hold the wonderful array of pictorial matter, which will be reproduced in colour as well as in black and white.

It will contain some exclusive pictures of the Princess, and an intimate account of her life, about which the general public know very little.

2/- Order the GRAPHIC WEDDING NUMBER now. **2/-**

LADIES HOSE THAT WE CAN THOROUGHLY RECOMMEND

Fine Black Silk Hose, especially reinforced feet and garter tops, specially suitable for evening wear. Per pair
12/9

Heavy Silk Hose with embroidered silk clox, especially recommended for hard wear, in Silver, Grey, Mole, Coating, Maize, Lemon or Tinsel Gold. Per pair
16/9

Silk and wool ribbed sports Hose in mixtures of Grey, Fawn, Brown and Nigger. Per pair
16/9

Fine, French Silk Hose with open lace clox (as sketch) in Champagne, Beige, Coating, Nigger, Grey, Mole. Per pair
19/6

All Wool Black Cashmere Hose fully fashioned and reinforced feet. Per pair
5/11

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

HARVEY NICHOLS CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING KNITTED COATEE

WE have now in stock a large variety of New Spring Knitted Coatees and Jumpers, made from really high-grade materials by our own skilled workers, and they follow the lines of the latest trend of fashion as expressed in the newest French Models.

Attractive **KNITTED COATEE** made in an entirely new design from fine knitted wool, in a large range of new spring shades.
Long roll collar is in artificial silk in two contrasting colours.

PRICE
63/-

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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READ RIDER HAGGARD'S NEW ROMANCE

The Virgin of the Sun

The great romancer here revives in vividly realistic fashion the legend of a discovery of South America long ere Columbus or Cabot was heard of. "A fine clean romance of high deeds, high thoughts and high adventure."—*Glasgow Herald.* **7/6 net.**

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By general consent Mr. Max Pemberton is unrivalled as a writer of historical romances of Bonaparte days, and in Paulina, the writer has found a heroine after his own heart. Deals with the picturesque period of Venice's last days of splendour. **7/6 net.**

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Contains authoritative information on every matter pertaining to dogs. Invaluable to the Dog-lover; indispensable to the Breeder, Fancier and Exhibitor. Profusely illustrated with portraits. **10/6 net.**

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"The Riviera" says the *Times*, "of the walker, the antiquary, the lover of art and natural beauty . . . . The author, while conveying information, makes the scene live anew." With 92 Photographs by the Author. **25/6 net.**

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AN HONEST LIVING

With Eight Illustrations 6/- net.

To admirers of "The Only George" the book brings merry moments when the author himself is not available.

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is best assured by the DAILY perusal of

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THE LEADING JOURNAL OF FINANCE

Face Massage Dangers

THE RIGHT & THE WRONG METHODS

INCORRECT face massage is full of dangers. Unskilful massage actually makes ageing lines, wrinkles, and crow's-feet *deepen*. Especially is this the case when an unsuitable cream is used, and perhaps a soap that may be even more unsuited to the needs of the reader's skin.

Wrong Massage rubs wrinkles in. **Phyllis Earle Massage smooths them out.**

The dangers of unskilful massage will be understood when it is taken into consideration that massage is a mechanical exercise of the living muscles, nerves, and tissues to which it is applied.

At 27 or so the skin begins to lose some of its resilient plumpness, and it then begins to be engraved with those lines and wrinkles that make so many women look so much older than they need.

Those who have already used creams and massage begin to lose faith in their efficacy. Others fly to the use of creams and massage.

Yet, the *right cream* and the *right massage* will work wonders in checking the withering of the skin's charms. Nay, more, they will restore and retain the skin's soft smoothness and delicacy of colouring for another 20 years or more.

There are dangers in too much cleansing of the skin with ordinary soap and water. *What is soap?* Just a conglomeration of oils (very rarely of the best quality), rendered alkaline by caustic soda or potash, and hardened. If the water is warm enough and you rub sufficiently hard and long enough, the lather produced from soap takes away the *surface* impurities.

But—this same process also takes away the natural oil from the skin. This makes the texture of the skin dry, sensitive, rough, and inclined to crack and break away too soon.

Then the *complexion*. Dull, shiny-looking, or sallow complexions are the visible effect of impurities within the pores of the skin, from whence ordinary soap and water fail to remove them. Indeed, the effect of too much soap and water is to check the healthy, self-cleansing action of the pores. It is a common sight to see women, and even girls, with blackheads and other unpleasing evidences of inactive pores.

There is a *right cream*, as there is also a *right massage*, for every skin. They are quite unlikely to be discovered by haphazard selection by a woman herself. The more sensitive and delicate the skin the more does it need the *right cream* and the *right method of massage*.

A woman consults a doctor because of his special training and experience in a large number of different persons' health needs. Similarly, women are now consulting the highly trained and qualified Phyllis Earle Practitioners in regard to the *right cream* and the *right massage* for their individual needs.

Phyllis Earle Departments—at which this skilled advice and facial massage may now be obtained—are now open at leading ladies' hairdressers' establishments. There is no charge for consultations or advice. Quite moderate charges are the rule, too, in regard to the expert face massage and individual creams obtainable at all the Phyllis Earle Departments.

ACADÉMIE DE BEAUTÉ · PHYLLIS EARLE ·

Where RIGHT Massage can be had.

BELFAST—
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Qualified Phyllis Earle operators at all above centres

A DELIGHTFUL HALF-HOUR'S EXPERIENCE

awaits ladies who take a trial Face Massage at a Phyllis Earle Department or at the Head Institute at 15 North Audley Street (near Selfridge's), London, W. The Phyllis Earle Practitioners are highly-trained lady graduates from the London Institute of Beauty Culture, the tutorial staff of which includes a medical man who is an eminent dermatologist. Every detail of a Phyllis Earle Face Massage or other Skin, Complexion, or Hair Treatment is given under conditions as ideally hygienic as at any medical clinic. Most of all, however, will the visitor be pleased with the evidence she will see in the mirror of the selection and use of the right cream and the right massage for the special needs of her skin. An occasional after visit to the Phyllis Earle Department, in conjunction with the instructed daily use of the right cream and the right massage at home, will give good cause for self-congratulation.

GRATIS—Literature explanatory of the Phyllis Earle methods of restoring and preserving the charms of the Skin, Complexion and Hair, together with particulars of the training of the Phyllis Earle Practitioners, first at the London Institute of Beauty Culture (training only), and then at the Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté, London's acknowledged leading establishment for the most skilful Face Massage, Manicure, Skin, Complexion, and Hair Treatments. Gratis on personal request, or post free to any address for 2d. stamp for postage.
Ask for Booklet No. 47.

The Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté
15 North Audley St., London, W. 1.

'Phones—Mayfair 3046-7 (*Two minutes from Selfridge's*)

WONDERFUL VALUE IN NEW SPRING BLOUSES

This attractive Blouse is made in pure silk georgette by our own workers, and cut on becoming lines. The shape and finish are excellent.

NEW SPRING BLOUSE (as sketch) in pure silk georgette, with fronts smartly finished with flat pleated frills put on with veining. In Ivory, Champagne, Flesh Lemon, and Grey. In sizes 42, 44, and 46.

PRICE
35/9

In outsize, **39/6**

In good quality Crepe-de-Chine, **39/6**

Sent on approval

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London W.

Catalogue post free.

NICOLL'S

Regular Stock

HALF to a THIRD

BELOW USUAL PRICES

"REGENT" COATS as illustrated, in plain coloured Wool Coatings. **73/6**

WINTER WRAP-COATS. Loose-fitting or Belted Models, of soft, thick, All-Wool Tweeds. **84/-**

"KESWICK" COATS in soft Wool Blanket Cloths, lined to waist Brocade. **5 GNS**

VELOUR OVERCOATS "Promenade," splendidly warm and protective models in Wool Velour—latest shades—lined Brocade. **6 GNS.**

COATS AND SKIRTS. Well cut and perfectly tailored "Camberley" models, as illustrated, in All-Wool Cheviot Tweeds—20 colourings. **84/-**

COAT-FROCKS. "Toreador" model in Suiting Serge, various colours, finished with a vest of contrasting material and steel buttons. **84/-**

TWEED COSTUMES. "Affra," a charming model tailored on the latest lines, in fine Tweed Suitings. **84/-**

VELOUR COSTUMES, "Florentin." A simple, yet extremely attractive, model in Velour, lined Merv to tone **5½ GNS.**

FULL SALE LIST POST FREE

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

COSY UNDERGARMENTS MADE OF THE NEW COBWEBBED KNITTED GAUZE WOOL

Cobweb Gauze Lace Wool Camisole, opera shape, finished ribbon shoulder straps, in White, Pink, Lemon, and Black.

10/9 EACH

Also Cobweb Gauze Lace Wool Petticoat from waist, in White, Pink, Lemon, Beige, and Grey.

EACH

25/9

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING WAISTCOAT SHIRT

THE value of this Waistcoat Shirt is quite exceptional. Made from really high grade materials by our own skilled workers.

Attractive WAISTCOAT SHIRT made in good quality schappe crepe, perfectly tailored and cut on becoming long line. Sizes 13 to 14½.

PRICE

39/6

Outsize 2/- extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W1

Those who cannot take Cod Liver Oil will appreciate

Maltoline

the best nourishing building-up food, invaluable after ill-health.

"MALTOLINE" provides the extra nourishing elements so necessary for general improvement in health and increased weight.

Prescribed for Children and Young Adults.

Maltoline in Powder Form with a delicious flavour.

Price **3/-** per bottle.

FROM CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Send Stamps (6d.) for a Trial Package to

THE MALTINE MANFG. CO., LTD., 9(B), Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

HIMROD'S

ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years

Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 3d. a tin.

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BEST NEWS BEST PICTURES

PRICE - ONE PENNY

Combined Maternity and Abdominal Belt.

The Belt is woven so as to fit perfectly **under the abdomen,** and so gives the necessary support. There are no facings, bones or buckles. Easily adjusted to every figure as necessity arises. Washable. Weight only 4 oz. An ideal belt for use after abdominal operations and during pregnancy.

Price, post free, **12/6**

E. & R. GARROULD,

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150 to 162, Edgware Road, London, W. 2.

SUNNY SOUTH WINTER RESORTS

Bexhill, Bognor, Brighton, Hastings Eastbourne, Hove, Littlehampton, Seaford, Southsea, Worthing, Tunbridge Wells

Guides (stamp) from Town Clerks (Dep. S.C. 17)

Hinde's

HAIR TINT, FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs **2/6 the Flask.** Chemists & Stores everywhere, or direct—

HINDES LTD., 1, Tabernacle St., City, London.

ELIZABETH, Ltd.

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Specialists in
SIMPLE
and
PRACTICAL
COUNTRY
CLOTHES

New Sports Coat in soft hand-woven material, in a variety of beautiful colours. Very light and warm.

£4 · 18 · 6

Stitched hats in same material or silk to match, from **39/6**

SMART COATS
FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

NEW COAT in fine quality velour cloth, cut with draped front and lined throughout with novelty printed crepe de Chine.

An exact copy of a new Paris model.

In many good colours.

PRICE

6½ Gns.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

ATTRACTIVELY NEW SPRING TEAFROCKS
AT SPECIAL PRICES

THE value of these Tea-Frocks is quite exceptional. They are made by our own skilled workers, and they follow the latest trend of fashion as expressed in the newest French models.

"ALDRICK."—Attractive TEA-FROCK in good quality chiffon taffeta, new long bodice and frill skirt trimmed self wheels, a small strap defines the waist line, collar and cuffs of cream silk georgette make a dainty finish. In a large range of colours and black.

SPECIAL PRICE

£5 19 6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

By Appointment.

NEW JUMPER FOR SPRING

Knitted Jumper (as sketch) made in a lace stitch of pure alpaca yarn and real silk woven together, can be had in self colours or soft contrasting shades very light in weight but warm in wear.

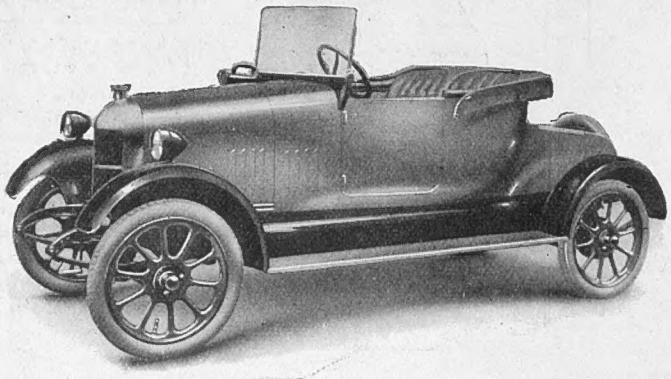
PRICE 59/6

This model can also be had in all silk.

PRICE 63/-

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1



299 GUINEAS with Starting Set and Dickey Seat

The famous 11.9 h.p. Morris-Cowley Standard 2-seater car is now supplied, *with Lucas Starting Set and single Dickey Seat*, at 299 guineas, complete.

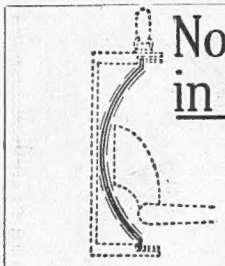
This extraordinarily low price includes 5 Dunlop Magnum 26 x 3 Tyres, Lucas Electric Lighting and Starting Set, 5 detachable steel wheels, screen, hood and cover, horn, and full kit of tools.

The price of the 4-seater, with Starting Set and full equipment is £340, complete. Without Starting Set, the 2-seater car costs 285 guineas and the 4-seater 325 guineas.

Spring Orders are being dealt with in fair rotation, but purchasers are warned that the demand greatly exceeds the supply.

Morris Motors, Ltd.,
Cowley, Oxon.

The Morris Car



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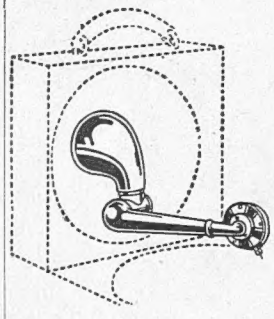

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The Bystander, February 8, 1922 No. 949. Vol. LXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

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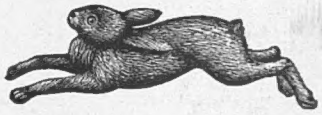

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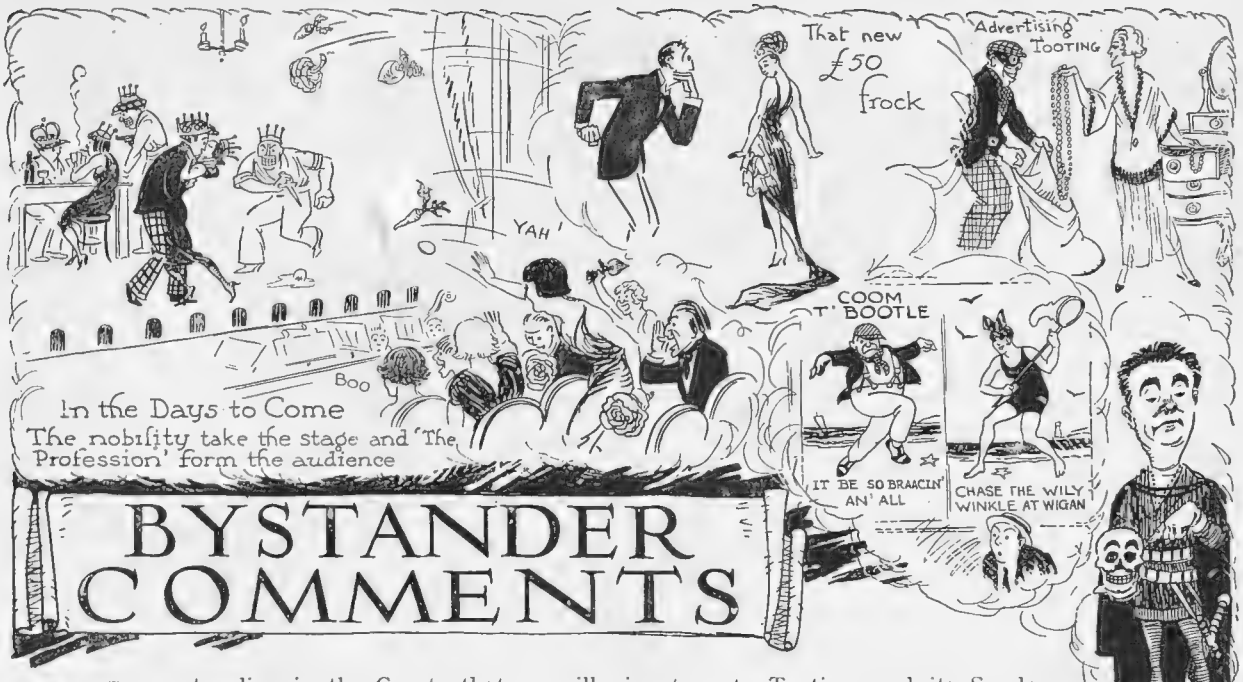


BYSTANDER COMMENTS

THE recent ruling in the Courts that what you say in your sleep may be taken down and used in evidence against you opens up rather alarming possibilities. After all, dreams rarely concern themselves with the accomplished fact. During the still small hours George Robey probably plays Hamlet and bureaucrats fear that the Geddes axe will fall. Yet, in the morning, they become normal again—the one making us laugh, as usual, and the other making us weep—also as usual! I once dreamt that I bought my wife a dream of a frock, but that did not prevent her from buying another in the morning!

A Dream of a Dress

While dreaming, last night, as I lay in my bed,
I turned to the wife of my bosom and said:
"My darling, I've bought you the dream of a dress;
It cost fifty guineas—I couldn't pay less."
And now, though the reason I cannot explain,
She wants me to buy it all over again.

A Tip for Tooting

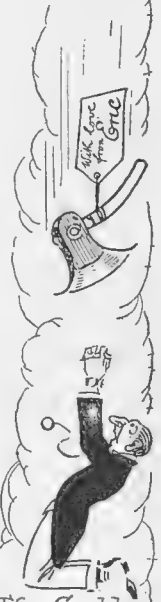
A WELL-KNOWN M.P. says that he never spends his holidays at Worthing because that sunny South Coast resort does not advertise its attractions as do Blackpool or Margate. For the same reason, I suppose, he does not live at Tooting. Very well! Tooting will have to pull up its socks and get a move on. I don't suggest highly coloured posters of children paddling in the Bec, but something much more subtle. Tooting must employ a lively Press agent who will arrange for six leading ladies to be robbed of jewels amounting in the aggregate to half a million pounds. When this gets into the papers Richmond will rub its eyes; Surbiton will sit up, and even Greenwich will go green with envy. The implied wealth of its inhabitants will give tone to Tooting, and its Sunday morning church parade will be "a thing to see and wonder at"; rivalling Hammersmith Broadway on a Saturday night. No thanks, please! I am only doing my duty!

Coast Erosion

WHAT are we going to do about England? Hearing that the Gulf Stream had got itself lost in the erstwhile German Ocean, I went to Norfolk last week-end to look for it. I was walking along the edge of the cliff when I saw half a house slither gently down on to the sands—and there it remains, to witness if I lie. From my observations I gather that there won't be any Norfolk left in a couple of months, and that Sheffield will be a seaside resort by the summer. Fancy spending your summer holidays at Sheffield, or chasing the wily winkle at Wigan! Arnold Bennett will have to pop a few piers and pierrots into his tales of the Five Towns; Lowestoft landladies will leave in a body for Lichfield, and there will be a new poster on the hoardings: "Bootle is *so* Bracing!"

The Actress and the Aristocrat

IN the little tea-shops where very young actresses feed cheaply and dream extravagant dreams of stage successes to



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

come, there is a disposition to sniff at the appearance of Lady Diana Manners in the "Glorious Adventure" film at Covent Garden. It is not altogether surprising that these young people should resent the invasion of "the profession" by titled amateurs, but they should not forget how often the actress has poached upon the preserves of the aristocrat in matters matrimonial. After all, Lady Diana is only getting her own back, and if her performance leaves a little to be desired, what about those stage and Society weddings which have come unstuck?

They're sore and upset
When the girl from Debrett
Comes poaching upon their preserves;
Yet the Gaiety girl
Who walked off with the Earl
May be getting just what she deserves.

By D. L. Ghilchik

SLEEPING BEAUTIES NEED SOME WAKING!

"Where Are the Boys——?"

They tell me there are now several women managing London theatres and that their numbers are likely to grow in the near future. Alas! Alack! And woe is me! What has become of the fat jolly man with the large buttonhole who once adorned "the front of the house," and would have a drink with you on the slightest provocation? Very few of them remain, and they are neither so fat nor so jolly as of yore. Where shall we look for the descendants of such giants as Charles Morton, Dundas Slater, H. J. Hitchins, Vernon Dowsett, and Harry Lundy—heroes of our more youthful days? E. A. Pickering made a brief return to the Gaiety a few weeks ago, but nipped back to his Agent's Office like a bullet from a gun, while, at Brighton, Lawson Lambert keeps the managerial flag flying. It is all very sad, and I feel that a Latin tag is called for, only I can't think of a suitable one at the moment.

Moaning at the Bar

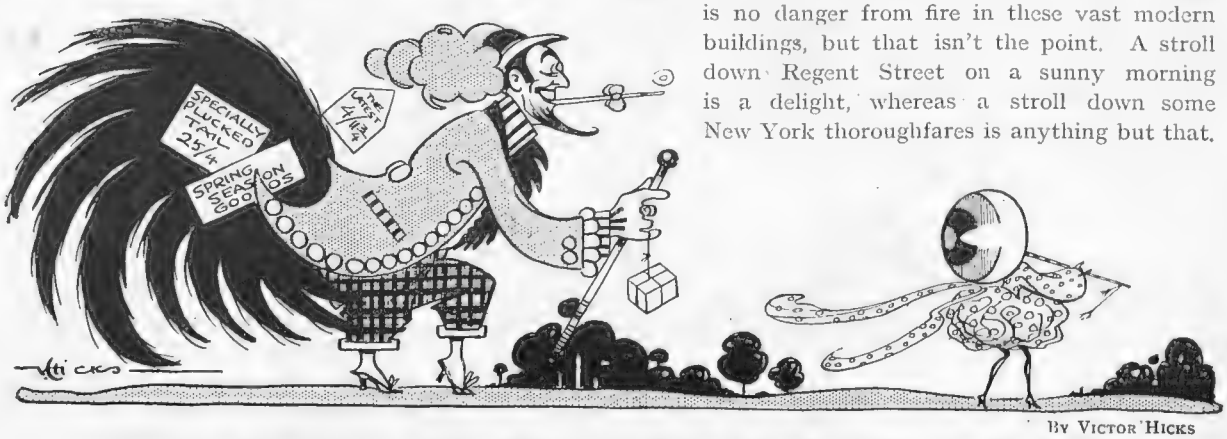
Is it possible that we have stumbled upon one of the reasons of the decline in the fortunes of the music-hall? After all, personality does count for something, and the old-time acting-manager had a wonderful way of making you feel at home. Also, he was a good customer at the bar, so that the whiskey had to be good! There was no moaning at the bar in those days.

The Romantic Age

With the foreign money exchange still playing at see-saw, the splendid old game of smuggling is in full swing. In a hundred years time, when things have righted themselves (and the Geddes axe has really fallen), the gentleman who has just been fined for hiding a bottle of scent in his pyjamas will be a romantic figure, rivalling Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard in the affections of the reading public. Even that arch-bandit, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, may appear romantic when viewed across the dim and mellowing vista of the years. Thus, shouldering our burdens and smiling bravely through our tears, do we press boldly forward to those rose-tinted heights from which the Promised Land——. (But there—no political speeches, *please!*)

A City of Dreams

The agitation in favour of taller buildings for the West End of London is not likely to receive much support from those who have a personal acquaintance with New York's mammoth sky-scrapers. I am reminded of the story of the Englishman who was put on the fourth floor of his hotel, and asked permission to change his room because he could not see the sky. When he was moved higher up he was still unhappy because he could not see the earth. We are assured that there is no danger from fire in these vast modern buildings, but that isn't the point. A stroll down Regent Street on a sunny morning is a delight, whereas a stroll down some New York thoroughfares is anything but that.



By Victor Hicks

"THE MALE BIRD BOASTS A MORE BRILLIANT PLUMAGE THAN THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES"

Broadway is wonderful, and Fifth Avenue is some street, but give me Piccadilly every time. As I heard a man singing at a ballad concert yesterday :

> Roses are sweet when sold in the street,
> At Richmond the daffodil gleams ;
> And violets, too, are blooming at Kew,
> In London, my City of Dreams.

Spring Fashions

THE lads of the village are bestirring themselves, and I gather that men's fashions are to be *very* smart this spring. Wonderful socks and wonderful ties are among the smaller details, and an "imperial" is to adorn the lower lip. Man is emulating the feathered tribe, in which the male bird boasts a more brilliant plumage than the female of the species. And here is a point the lads of the village might bear in mind : The male bird is thus adorned by Nature because he is of less importance than the female, and it doesn't matter whether he is discovered and killed or not.

> The peacock is foolish, the peacock is vain ;
> The finer its feathers the smaller its brain.
> And men have been
> built on a
> similar plan—
> The brighter the
> clothing, the
> duller the
> man.

Who *Are* These Men ?

READING an account of a stage party recently, I came across certain thinly veiled references to well-known theatrical folk. As, for instance :

> Thrumdrum, the composer, whose tunes are whistled everywhere by urchins who have never heard them in their original rhythm as the loveliest passages of Grieg or Rachmaninoff.

"Who is Thrumdrum ?" I hear my readers asking. Well, Thrumdrum is a great personal friend of Horace Screem, and this is what our chronicler has to say of *that* gentleman :

> There is Horace Screem, grinning his two-hundred-pounds-a-week grin over by the buffet. He capers, imitates his colleagues, struts and winks interminably.

Who *are* these men ? Hush ! No names, no pack-drill !

Unskilled Skaters

UNTIL comparatively recently very few of the women visitors to the winter resorts took pains to acquire real skill in any of the snow sports, with the possible exception of skating, and even on the rinks, with a few notable exceptions, there were not many expert women performers. But, to-day, says Mr. Arthur J. Ireland in *The Graphic*, a very different attitude is adopted by the women, who are coming to the Alpine resorts in ever-increasing numbers—they are amongst the most enthusiastic participators in all the sports, and the dexterity they display shows that they can excel in all the pastimes. On the steepest ice-runs and on skis they are quite holding their own when competing with men, and, apparently, they do not find even the most strenuous forms of exercise an undue strain upon their strength and nerves.

ANXIOUS TO LEAVE THE "EMPIRE" By E. T. Reed

BRITISH LION : "Well, if some people *are* so anxious to get out, I wish to heaven they wouldn't *queue-up on my tail !*"

Photograph *Central News*

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT MANDALAY

A group of the officers and visitors to the mess of the 128th Pioneers, where the Prince of Wales and his staff were entertained to luncheon by Major-General Sir Vere Fane and Lady Fane, seated on either side of the Prince

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

A DISTINGUISHED WEDDING

The Hon. Helena Coventry, elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Deerhurst, and Viscount Sandon, only son of the Earl and Countess of Harrowby, whose marriage took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last week. Viscount Deerhurst gave his daughter away. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Peggy Coventry, Lady Francis Ryder, Miss Diana Coventry, Miss Pamela Coventry and Miss Campbell

A Delicate Situation

MYSELF, I think the Lord Chamberlain and all the Lord Chamberlain's young men should make a contribution to a charity just out of sheer gratitude. They, and they alone, know what they have been spared by the decision that ladies attending Princess Mary's wedding at Westminster Abbey are to wear morning dress and hats.

The first fiat was Court dress without trains, veils, or feathers. This meant *décolletage*, but since veils and feathers were eliminated all the ladies who knew they would be bidden, likewise all the ladies who hoped to be bidden, were in a quandary. What were they to wear upon their heads?

There is one fixed and unbreakable rule in this country—a woman may not go into a church with her head uncovered. So all the ladies were wondering if the Lord Chamberlain would sit himself down and invent some head-dress that would meet the unbreakable law and yet "go" with the *décolletage* of Court dress, or whether tiaras would be considered as a sufficient head-covering for females by the Abbey authorities.

The Solution

SO you see from what parlous difficulty the Lord Chamberlain and his young men have been delivered. The office in St. James's had already been nearly snowed under by plaintive appeals from anxious ladies as to *what* they could *possibly* wear on their heads with Court dress and no veils. Indeed, there was a rumour that the Duke of Atholl was experimenting upon a barber's block with triangular pieces of chiffon, thereby hoping to meet the odd rule that whilst women may have bare shoulders in church they mayn't have bare heads.

Of course, a blaze of jewels would have been most effective in the Abbey—rather like the Coronation—but the order for morning dress and hats will, undoubtedly, save a lot of expense. And, when all is said and done, it brings the Royal wedding into line with everyday weddings.

Photograph *H. Walter Barnett*

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE

Miss Victoria Gwendolen Holman, daughter of Mr. R. H. Holman, of Wynnstay, Putney Hill, and Mr. Richard Bryce Holman, M.C., the son of Mr. F. A. Holman, of Sydmonton Court, Newbury, at the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel after their marriage at Holy Trinity

The Reason of the Change

If the marriage had taken place, as was originally intended, at the Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace, where the King and Queen were married, then Court panoply would have been simple, seeing the limited number of people the Chapel contains. When the King and Queen realised the public feeling for a wedding at Westminster Abbey the first idea was abandoned. But the directions for Court dress had already gone out. The numbers who will now be invited and the coldness of the Abbey make the arrangements for St. James's Palace an impossibility, so there you have the reason of the happy change to morning dress *and* hats.

Photograph L. N. A.

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Captain Sir Cecil Neumann, Bt., the eldest son of the late Sir Sigmund Neumann, Bt., and Lady Neumann, with his bride, Miss Joan Grimston, eldest daughter of Canon the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Grimston, of Darrowfield, leaving St. Albans Cathedral

The Cost of the Wedding

There is one point—and a very important point—about Princess Mary's wedding that I think all His Majesty's lieges ought to know. The whole expense is being borne by the King, just as it is borne by the bride's father in private life. This will include the elaborate seating arrangements in Westminster Abbey, work upon which has already begun.

Perhaps the Socialist, Bolshevik, and Communist orators who are already talking "hot air" about "the working-classes paying for the wedding of the King's daughter with the sweat of their brows and the toil of their hands," will take note.

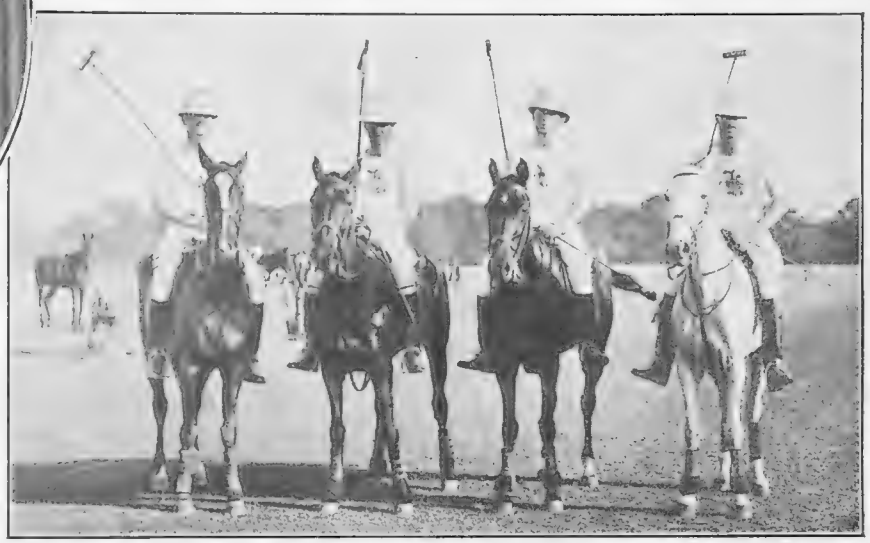
The great ceremony will not cost the country a farthing.

The Bedroom as Advertisement

There is a certain lady whose name is frequently on the lips of both women and men. But apart from the world of society and the films this lady has gained an unusual reputation. There is scarcely an exhibition of pictures in which you do not find a portrait of her in bed, most discreetly covered, I grant you, but in bed.

WINNERS OF THE INDIA POLO ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP

Calcutta has been the scene of some exciting polo lately, the finals of some of the big all-India games being played on the ground there. These are members of the Jodhpur team, who played really magnificent polo in winning the India Polo Association Championship



THE LOSERS—DETERMINED TO WIN NEXT TIME!

Captain Lyons, Captain Pilkington, Captain Prelian and Captain Wordsworth, the Cavalry School "A" team, who, having won their way through to the final of the India Polo Association Championship, lost to the stalwart Jodhpur team

Photographs THE 17th CAVALRY TEAM—WINNERS OF THE EZRA CUP [*Topical Press*

Captain Griffiths, Mr. Dixon, Captain Atkinson and Captain Presse, the winning team, who succeeded in capturing the Ezra Cup at Calcutta during the Polo Tournaments held out there

Photographs

JUST . . . LIKE . . THAT!

BRIG.-GEN. CUNLIFFE-OWEN WITH HIS WIFE

Alfieri

MRS. MOUAT JONES—A FINE SKATER

Skating competitions prevail extensively now in snow-bound Switzerland, and Miss Lovat (on left) succeeded, by expert skating and much energy, in winning the Lytton Cup at Mürren. General Cunliffe-Owen, with his wife, is seen giving his daughter, Katherine, a little helpful practice on the Palace Rink at Wengen. Mrs. Mouat Jones was twice winner of the Lytton Cup before her marriage, and is still an exceptional skater

Whether it is the interest excited by her portraits in these unusual surroundings, or whether the lady is harking back to the eighteenth century, when great English and French dames received visitors in their bedrooms, I cannot say, but she has recently taken the first floor of the house adjoining her own, knocked down the partition wall, and now has a bedroom extending the width of two houses. In this *vaste pièce*, as the French say, she holds a daily court, reposing upon her bed in boudoir cap and *négligée*, both *quelque chose à ravir*.

Isn't it odd the amount of trouble and expense some people will go to just to be different from everybody else?

Photograph *G. P. U.*

AN EARLY MORNING MARRIAGE

Sir Leonard Llewelyn, very well known in South Wales, with his bride, Mrs. W. E. Jones, after their marriage at St. Margaret's Westminster last week The ceremony took place at nine in the morning

Photograph A CHARMING WEDDING GROUP *L. N. A.*

Lord Angus Kennedy, the third son of the Marquis of Ailsa and Miss Gertrude Cooper after their marriage at St. Mark's, St. John's Wood. Lord Kennedy is the proud owner of an acetylene welding establishment in the Pentonville Road. The bridesmaids, wearing very attractive Empire hats of black velvet in contrast to their white dresses, were (left) Miss Hermione Johnson, Miss Violet Simpson, and (right) Miss L'Estrange Malone and Miss Lilian Falkner. Lord Angus Kennedy's little cousin, Master David Kinnard (left centre), was the trainbearer

You will remember I told you a little time ago about the chalk XX's on a basement window in a house in Eaton Square, and how the wiping of

The Wrong House?

If burglaries go on at the present rate some folks will have nothing left to be burgled. In one street near Sloane Square every single house save one has been burgled; one house has been burgled twice; another three times.

You will remember I told you a little time ago about the chalk XX's on a basement window in a house in Eaton Square, and how the wiping of them away prevented the house being broken into. But who can possibly safeguard themselves against such attempts as this?

A husband and wife had been out to dinner. They returned home in a

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE EARL OF LYTTON AND HIS SON

On the snowy ski slopes of Mürren. Lord Lytton has just been appointed the new Governor of Bengal; his son, Viscount Knebworth, is still at Eton

AT ST. MORITZ

Miss Marjorie O'Connor and Captain Reginald Terrell, M.P. for Henley since 1918, walking in the snow at St. Moritz. Miss O'Connor has originated an attractive costume for snow wear

Photograph *Alfieri*

A SUNSHINE SNAPSHOT

Major and Mrs. Paget pause for the camera on their way to further explorations of the sun-kissed snow slopes of Wengen

taxi. When they arrived *chez eux* a big motor-car was drawn up in front of their door. The taxi stopped immediately behind the car. They got out, and as they passed they saw a woman sitting in the car in evening dress with jewels in her hair and at her throat. "Someone's mistaken the house," said the husband.

A short flight of steps led to the hall-door. When they got to the steps they saw two men—also in evening dress—at the top of the steps. One was putting a key into the lock.

"Hello!" cried the husband, "you've come to the wrong house!"

Without a word the two men dashed down the steps and into the car, and before the bewildered couple had realised what had happened the car had gone off full speed down the street. In the keyhole they found a key, a skeleton key!

One doesn't see what a policeman on the beat could do in such a case. The matter would be so everyday and ordinary, a thing he would see at a score of houses in the evening, that suspicion would never enter his head.

That is where the diabolical ingenuity of your modern burglar comes into play, and why it is so successful.

Beware of This Young Man

THEN there is another trick, more clumsy, I grant you, but it has been successful. Latish in the evening a young man calls at a house asking if he can see a Mr. So-and-So, whom he believes is staying there. His manner is urgent; it is important that he should see Mr So-and-So.

The object appears to be to get inside the house. His insistence on seeing the mistress and his good address frequently lead maids to show him into a room to wait. That is his opportunity. But the young man has been rather careless. He has gone to three houses next door to one another, and at each has asked for the friend it is all-important he should see by a different name.

THE "BEAR" FANCY DRESS DANCE AT GRINDELWALD

You ski all morning, skate all afternoon, curl when you can, and apparently dance until it is time to ski again. This is a photograph we have just received from Dr. J. D. Lyle (an amateur flash-light expert, we presume), of a large fancy dress ball at the Bear Hotel, Grindelwald. We would very much like to give all their names, but space (and the Printer) forbids it

Photograph *E. Navello*

A LUNCHEON PARTY SNAPSHOT AT CANNES

Mr. Sandon, Sir Herbert Raphael, Miss Palmer, Lady Raphael, and Mr. Herbert da Costa pose for our camera at Cannes. Sir Herbert Raphael sat for the South Division of Derbyshire until 1918 and is a Governor of Guy's Hospital

Photograph *E. Navello*

SUNSHINE AND TENNIS

Miss Winslow and Miss Orr-Lewis after a Single on the courts at Cannes. Miss Orr-Lewis is a sister of Sir John Orr-Lewis

The Riviera Week by Week by Dunce-Scotus

LAST year's great dancing success, Sonia, has returned to the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo, and is the chief draw at the famous Saturday gala dinners. She is dancing with André Darnay. There are fox-trot and other competitions for handsome prizes, and the fun is fast and furious—"no sleep till morn."

AT the Tir aux Pigeons, Sir Richard Musgrave, who is seventy-one, has retired from 22 metres to 28 metres by consistently good form at the traps. The "Zuritos" this year are wonderful birds, too. He was second in the "Poule d'Essai"—27 metres—among seventy-seven guns, killing ten birds without a miss and winning 3,100 francs. The Count de Lassara won with eleven kills (8,155 francs and the medal)—a fine Italian shot.

POLO at Cannes, so far, has been poorly attended owing to rather cold winds. But two teams are showing fine form already, and the number and the quality of the ponies is above the average. Golf and especially tennis, are going very strong there. Cannes beat the Nice Golf Club 11—9 in the first of the annual fierce matches at Mandelieu on the home course, thanks largely to Mr. Peter Gannon and Major Bryce, who are in form just now. Mr. Hay Gordon will make desperate efforts to turn the tables at Nice. He played a fine game, despite his seventy odd years. Sir William Towle, also over seventy, did a round of 95 in a recent competition on the long and narrow Cannes course, and won the second prize.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE MORNING WALK

Lady Portal and Mr. Wyndham Portal, D.S.O., her only son, on the sunny terrace. Lady Portal is the wife of the second baronet, Sir William Portal, Bart

THEY are always changing the regulations for motors crossing into Italy, etc., so new arrivals should always apply at the office of the Automobile Club just opened at 6, Jardin Albert Ier, at Nice. By the latest modification you can there (if you have your international driving licence) get a card for forty-eight hours in Italy without making a deposit at the frontier.

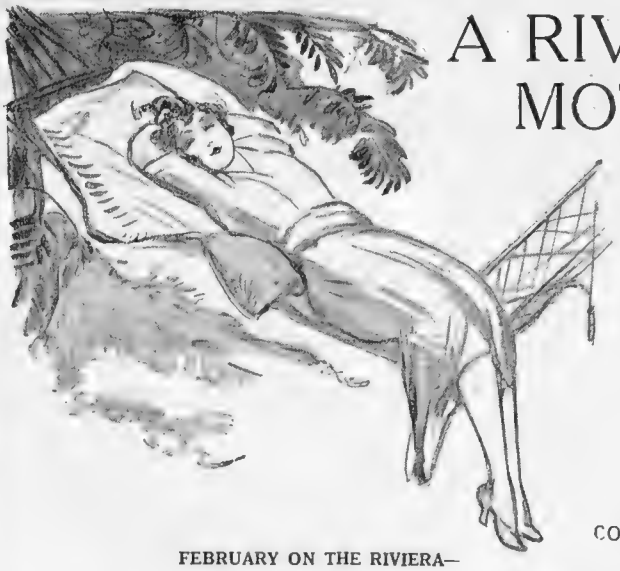
Some of the Atlantic Fleet, under Vice-Admiral Cowan in the *Hood*, are expected at Toulon on February 21, and others at Villefranche, Algiers, and Ajaccio.

BLACK and sombre colours are all the fashion this season. They are, undoubtedly, very becoming at night, but do not suit this bright climate in the daytime, to my mind. However, the brilliant-coloured cloaks and sunshades give a good dash of colour, some of the latter being handsomely jewelled. There has been another day's rain and heavy snow up on the hills, and winter sports are in full swing at Peria Cava, above Nice. The rain rather interfered with the open tennis tournament at Menton this week, but the country is looking more beautiful than ever after it.

NEXT WEEK—

SPECIAL RIVIERA No.

A RIVIERAN MOTLEY



FEBRUARY ON THE RIVIERA—

CONTRASTS

—FEBRUARY IN PARIS

THE MISTRAL BLOWS—ON THE TERRACE

SOUPER DANSANT

AN OLD HABITUÉE

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!
"Well, what do you think of the Riviera?"

SKETCHES BY ROSE LE QUESNE

THE BAT AT ST. JAMES'S

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is an agreeably mysterious play with a murder in it, and also a little puzzle. The puzzle is: Find the Murderer. The creepiness of the story is thoroughly soaked into it right from the beginning. Miss Cornelia Van Gorder, a charming maiden lady, who confesses to sixty, but doesn't look it, has taken a lonely house near New York. The first thing that puzzles her is the presence of a strange man who has been seen lurking about in the garden, and Miss Cornelia's maid, Lizzie, nearly has hysterics about it. Who can the man be? What does he want there? Miss Cornelia, who is determined to be mistress in her own home, has called in a detective to catch the man and run him in. Meanwhile she interviews Brooks, the new gardener, who has just been appointed to his job. A very few questions suffice to elicit from the fellow that he knows nothing about gardening, so what is he doing there? We do not know. It is really most suspicious. And once when Miss Cornelia's back is turned, Brooks darts to the foot of the staircase, visible in the distance through an open door, and looks intently for something that does not appear to be there. A really suspicious proceeding.

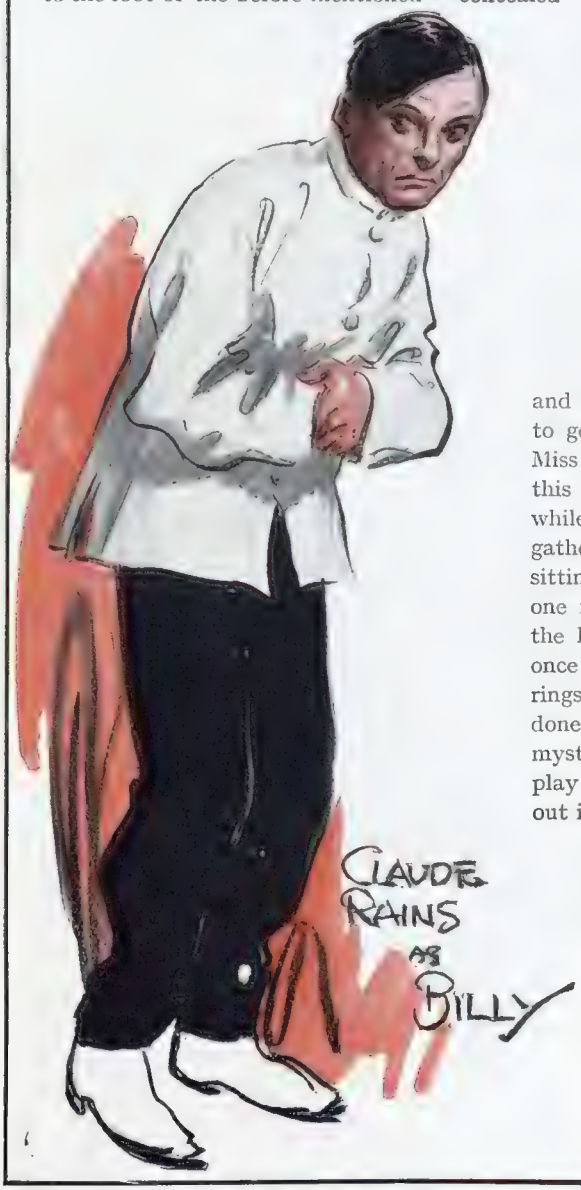
THEN Dr. Wells, a friend of the family, calls, and when he takes his leave he says it will be no use for anyone to ring him up at home for an hour or two, as he is going to visit a patient. Meanwhile, we hear of a bank smash. The chief cashier, who seems to have been an exceptionally able financier, has bolted with a million or so, and broken the bank

accordingly. Presently it transpires that Brooks the gardener, who is so singularly ignorant of his professed craft, is the defaulting cashier in question. But he asserts definitely that he did not take the money. The criminal, according to him, was the Bank Director himself, who died before the theft was discovered. And the Bank Director hid the million in Miss Cornelia's house which he was occupying at the time. Brooks now wants to get hold of a plan of the house to see if there is not a secret vault somewhere, as he feels sure that the million is hidden on the premises, and he is naturally anxious to find it and so clear his good name.

Just about this time Miss Dale Ogden, a friend of Miss Cornelia, gets a bit restless. She runs out to the foot of the before-mentioned stairs when no one is watching her, and then comes back looking frightfully mysterious. Then we hear about the "Bat." He is a gentleman of some notoriety who specialises in burgla.y and murder, and who, like Arsène Lupin, always leaves his sign-manual on one of the walls of the particular house that he happens to be burgling at the time. Nobody knows who the "Bat" is; but there seems a general consensus of opinion that he has got his eye on the concealed million,

DRUSILLA WELLS AS LIZZIE

NORA SWINBURNE AS DALE OGDEN



CLAUDE RAINS AS BILLY

and will go to any lengths to get a close grip on it. Miss Cornelia tells about this mysterious person while her household is gathered about her in the sitting-room. There is no one in any other part of the house, and yet all at once the house telephone rings. Who could have done it? Talk about mysteriousness! In this play it is positively handed out in chunks.

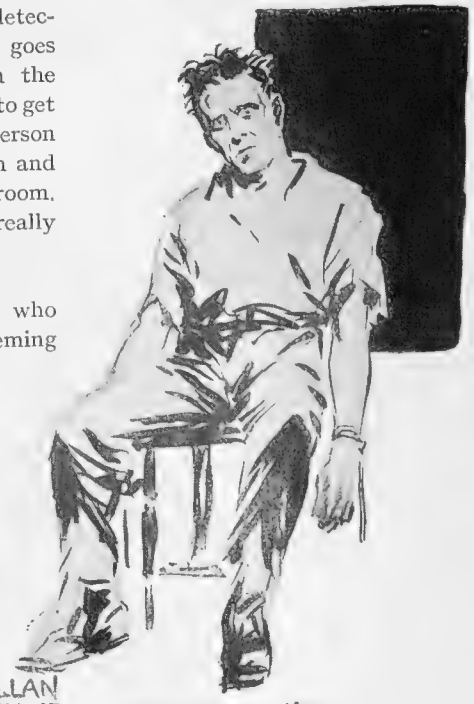
Then Miss Dale Ogden, being left alone awhile, rings up Richard Fleming, the son of the peculating banker, deceased. She implores him, if he has a plan of the house, to call on her and bring it with him. We learn then that she is engaged to Brooks, the cashier-gardener, and is anxious to help him to clear himself so that she can marry him and live happily ever after. As the fairy tales say! Richard Fleming is driven over at night in a friend's car, and as the car lamp flashes past the window we see distinctly on its face the silhouette of a—bat! But the owner of the car explains later that probably a moth crawled on to the lamp in an effort to bite a piece out of the flame—as moths will do; but we can't help suspecting him all the same. Richard Fleming comes into the sitting-room bringing with him a blue-print of the plan of the house, but as soon as he learns what Miss Dale Ogden wants it for, he decides to keep it himself. After all, a cool million is not the sort of thing you would give away in a hurry, even

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

to oblige a lady friend. Miss Dale clings to him and tries to get the blue-print away from him, but he eludes her grasp and rushes to the door. She snatches a revolver from a drawer, but before she can fire it a shot comes from a dark corner of the stairs, and Richard Fleming falls dead. Who fired the shot, and why? It is really quite weird.

THEY ring up Dr. Wells, who is, among other things, the coroner. But he is not at the house he said he was going to visit, and has not been there at all that evening. Most mysterious! A little later he arrives, and after a brief examination of the dead man orders the body to be taken away. This is where the lynx eye of the detective comes in. His name is Anderson, and he at once pounces on the doctor and orders him to give up the piece of blue paper he was seen to take surreptitiously from the dead man's hand. The doctor says he has no such paper; but the detective orders everybody else from the room and recovers it at the point of the revolver. But, as it happens, this paper is not the part of the plan that elucidates the mystery of the secret chamber. Miss Dale Ogden has the vital plan tucked in her bosom between her heart and her camisole, and fearing detection, she stuffs it into a roll of bread so that it is carried out into the kitchen by the Japanese butler under the detective's very eyes. The doctor goes out to recover it and when the detective, Anderson, wants to get it from him, he throws Anderson down and binds and gags him and drags him into an adjoining room. Now that is what I call really suspicious behaviour.

THE question as to who murdered Richard Fleming remains unsolved to the very last, and some of the ladies positively wriggle with impatience at their unsatisfied curiosity. One of them, sitting by me, asked me if I could tell her who had done it, and her suspicious look implied that she would not have been surprised to hear that I had had a hand in the crime myself. So I explained to her politely that it was not one of my jobs, as I never do my murders in such public places, preferring to lure my victims to a lonely spot where their screams will not annoy the neighbours. The "Bat's" secret is very well kept, most of the players on the stage being in turn suspected of the crime. And while any one of the characters in particular wants the use of the stage for movements that will arouse our suspicion, the other characters obligingly go off on some pretext or another, and are very careful not to interrupt the proceedings. This, no doubt, is a good way of intensifying the mystery, but it seems a little artificial and machine-made.



ALLAN JEAYES AS THE UNKNOWN MAN

ARTHUR WONTNER AS THE DETECTIVE

CLAUDE RAINS AS BILLY

DRUSILLA WELLS AS LIZZIE

MISS EVA MOORE is particularly charming as the white-haired Miss Cornelia; and, as Anderson, the detective, Mr. Arthur Wontner drops his characteristic suavity, and essays to adopt the brusque manner of the American detective of fiction. Miss Drusilla Wells, as the maid Lizzie, is kept around as a sort of ever-ready comic relief when the tension becomes a little too severe, and she certainly succeeds in provoking copious roars of laughter. The success of the management in keeping secret the identity of "The Bat" till the closing scene will doubtless prove an appealing advertisement in favour of the play, which is most exciting from first to last.

JINGLE

SOCIETY IN THE SUN

Some Pictorial Notes from the Riviera

LADY ESSEX

And Sir Philip Sassoon at crowded Cannes, which seems this year to be the most popular of the Riviera towns

LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY

With Mr. Herrick, and (behind) his father, the American Ambassador at Paris, Mr. Myron Herrick, strolling through Monte Carlo

Photographs *E. Navello*

SIR DUNCAN ORR-LEWIS AND THE RAJAH OF PUDUKOTA

SIR FREDERICK BOWATER AND SIR CHARLES MANDELBERG (inset above)

SIR HARRY SAMUEL AND SIR DAVISON DALZIEL AT MONTE CARLO

Nice—Monte Carlo—Cannes, racing, gambling, golf, the gay pleasure life on these southern shores continues unabated. Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis is seen with the Rajah of Pudukota at the Nice races. Sir Charles Mandelberg and Sir Frederick Bowater enjoy a little invigorating sunshine on the Cannes course. The Terrace at Monte Carlo is, of course, daily the rendezvous of the many well-known people wintering there

POST-WASHINGTON

BY "ROY-BISHOP"

"SARK AT WAR WITH HERM"

THESE were the headlines that startled London on a bright August afternoon in 1950. The word War had almost become obsolete. All over the world great battleships rusted in dry docks. Sailors had in many cases sought more pacific employment, and soldiering was such a nice lazy job that all the descendants of the 1914 conscientious objectors were clamouring for Commissions. The world-revolution of 1930 had upset all ideas, and in the British Army the highest rank was that of Private, the rank and file being referred to as Generals. "A state of War exists between the Islands of Sark and Herm." The evening papers waxed garrulous upon the subject. "International complications are certain to ensue." "Reuter informs us that both Jersey and Guernsey have mobilised their Militia." "Will Alderney be drawn in?" "These are matters of the greatest import," said the evening Press.

On the 25th of August the Sark Expeditionary Force set sail in two fishing boats for their objective. The natives of Herm provided a gallant resistance, but when both of them were captured it became evident to the Sark leader that the back of the resistance had been broken. The National Hymn, "There's No Place Like Herm," was solemnly sung, and an order of the day was promulgated, stating that "a blow had been struck that would shake the very limpets from their rocks."

But worse events were to follow.

The Guernsey States despatched an ultimatum to Sark warning their troops to leave Herm within twenty-four hours.

Hardly had the ambassador left his island when his boat nearly collided with *The Duke of Normandy*, the Jersey tugboat, which carried on board the precious lives of the Harbour-master, the Station-master, and the Quarter-master. This new embassy delivered a cryptic message which read :—

"Steer clear of Sark. or——"

To which the Guernsey States (after hours of deliberation) replied :

"If not, what then?"

And a carrier pigeon brought the sinister reply :

"Probably. Yes, most certainly. Perhaps."

On September 1, Jersey commandeered the L. & S. W. R. steamer, *Alberta*. Guernsey replied by seizing the G.W.R. packet, *Ibex*.

The islands had, therefore, provided themselves with quite an efficient Naval force, and had also unwittingly spread the War to England.

For, on receipt of a cable that the *Ibex* had been sunk in a battle off the Corbiere rock, the infuriated porters of Paddington marched across London and raided the rival station. The second Battle of Waterloo was fought, and although a gallant resistance was made under cover of a parapet of sandwiches from the refreshment room, the Paddingtonians won the day. But they should never have murdered the Director of the L. & S.W.R., who, being a Scotsman, was avenged that night by an army that crossed the Border. How the War spread! In five days' time an alliance was formed between Alderney, Japan, and France. Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal promised to assist Guernsey with every man and ship in their possession. The U.S.A., Russia, Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, and Hammersmith sided with Jersey. The English Channel was so crowded with warships of different nationalities that it was positively dangerous to enjoy a swim after dark.

War raged again.

The only peaceful spot in Europe was the Balkans. They had taken to League Football as a substitute.

"THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS!"

SENSELESS! By HAROLD BEARDS

"I did what I could Tony—I told her you had more money than sense"
"And what did she say?"
"She asked if you had any money"

This Month's Gardener's Guide

BY J. B. NAISMITH

FEB. 5. *Sunday.* Sit in greenhouse and revise New Year resolutions. Plan out garden for the year, and mark off tomato-court, cabbage-lawn, etc.

FEB. 6. Good King Wenceslaus born, A.D. 153. Motor-car licence overdue. Pay it, and plant some forget-me-nots.

FEB. 7. Lighting-up time 5.30 (in public-houses). Income tax long overdue. Pay it, and plant some rosemary for remembrance.

FEB. 8. Solomon married his 297th wife, B.C. sometime. Plant orange-pips by the front door. If your wife reminds you that she requires a new frock for the Robinson's affair on the 19th, plant your foot down firmly and tell her to go to Helfridge's and get one.

FEB. 9. Take afternoon off and get really busy with horticulture. Trim aspidistras and spray the monkey-puzzle. Dig up seeds planted in autumn and smear with hair-restorer, replacing each carefully with a few kind words of encouragement.

FEB. 10. Moon first quarter. Month's salary enters last quarter. Plant a few coins in out-of-the-way places.

FEB. 11. Half-holiday. Devote afternoon to agriculture elsewhere. Replace turf on the fairway. Trim moustache and go to the club.

FEB. 12. *Sunday.* Whitewash pergola and water-barrel

FEB. 13. Charlie Chaplin born (1883) in Kensington, Camden Town, Golder's Green, and Oklahoma. Plant Californian peaches.

FEB. 14. Penny post established, 1840. Water forget-me-nots and rosemary.

MUCH WITHERING!

By Frank Sherwin

"Hullo Jimmy, whither away?"
"Absolutely refuse old man"

"Refuse what?"
"To wither away"

FEB. 15. Andrew Carnegie first met John P. Rockefeller. Count your remaining coins and lay in a stock of woodbine.

FEB. 16. First Spanish galleon returned from Peru, 1553. Dig up buried coins. Put one. Take all.

FEB. 17. Full moon. Einstein cut his first tooth, 1880. Thin out sunflowers and plant an apple.

FEB. 18. Half-holiday. Walk round rose-garden and take tea on the lawn (in Australia).

FEB. 19. *Sunday.* Third Sunday after pay-day. Dig like blazes.

FEB. 20. Centenary of Duc D'Amaule. Finances similar. Go and sit on the rockery.

FEB. 21. Henry V. first met Sir John Falstaff, 1412. Plant a genet.

THE PESSIMIST

By Victor Hicks

FEB. 22-23. Holly leaves should be sponged and snow (sleet or smuts) scraped off the lawn. Plant polyanthus, amaranthus, and ornithorhynchus. Select grass seeds of equal size and weight, and plant carefully with a darning-needle.

FEB. 24. Birth of Robert Burns one hundred and plus sixty-three years and one-twelfth of a month ago. Plant a thistle border round the haggis-patch and shout "Hooch Aye."

FEB. 25. Romulus founded Rome A.U.C.O. Plant spaghetti.

In Scotland.—Take a couple of aspirin tablets on rising and try to be civil over your porridge.

FEB. 26. New moon. Don't look at it. William Hohenzollern born, 1859. Sprinkle eau-de-Cologne on the sauer-kraut patch.

FEB. 27. Plant your hands deep in your empty pockets and growl at everybody.

FEB. 28. Thank goodness. Lay in supplies for March. Cut a sprig of lettuce and place at bedside before retiring. This will remind you to say "Rabbits" for luck first thing in the morning.

The Government of Golf

TAYLOR'S TILT AT THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB

A FEW days ago I happened across an article in a widely read weekly publication which fairly made me blink with astonishment. It was a signed article and its author was the distinguished professional golfer, J. H. Taylor—the one and only John Henry—whose name is a household word wherever golf is played. Taylor has suddenly (as far as I am aware) discovered that there is something seriously amiss with the management of the game, and his discovery necessarily involves the suggestion that the Royal and Ancient Club is not doing its job properly. In the article to which I refer he has assumed the rôle of public prosecutor.

Limits of Interference

BEFORE discussing the merits of this indictment, I should really like to stop and ask: what is Taylor doing in this *galère*? Golf is a game, like cricket, in which professionals are not barred from playing with or against amateurs; but, being a game and not a business, it exists primarily for amateurs, and the conduct of its affairs is in the hands of a body of men who govern without being concerned about the consent of any of the governed except those who, like themselves, are amateurs. The professionals have a governing body of their own which looks after their interests and will continue to do so without let or hindrance from anybody so long as it does not exceed the limits of its jurisdiction.

"Ultra Vires"

NOW Taylor, a very distinguished golfer, is also a professional. I am, therefore, surprised to find a man of his discernment taking upon himself to tell the amateurs how they should conduct their affairs. He has, of course, as good a right to his opinions as any man, and there are heaps of cases in which other folk are interested in hearing what they are because, as coming from J. H. Taylor, they are authoritative. But this is not one of them. I am quite certain that if an article appeared in print signed by Mr. Tolley or Mr. Wethered purporting to show that the professional Golfers' Association was an effete and otiose institution Taylor would be among the first to exclaim, "What the —— has it got to do with *him*?" Consequently it appears to me that amateur golfers will be equally inclined to resent a signed article by a professional golfer—no matter how eminent he may be—condemning the methods of the Royal and Ancient Club in the management of the affairs of the game. They will inevitably feel that he is acting *ultra vires*.

The "Association" Theory

LET us assume, however, that Taylor, having had conferred upon him the privileges of honorary membership of the Club with which he has been most closely associated, feels entitled to place himself upon the footing of an amateur, and justified on that ground in criticising the R. and A. What do his criticisms amount to? On the one hand he does not make any specific charge of mismanagement but talks vaguely of dissatisfaction with existing arrangements, whilst on the other hand he seems to have no settled plan for improving upon them.

Tradition and sentiment, he tells us, indicate the Royal and Ancient as the proper authority to manage the game; but what appears to trouble him is "that the affairs of a great game should be exclusively managed from a far-off corner of Fife," and when he begins to talk of the establishment of a central office in London with a paid secretary and (as a necessary consequence) a subscription payable by every club in the kingdom, it seems possible that what is in the back of his mind is the formation of an association. There are further indications of this in those passages in which he refers to the ball question and to the proposed changes in the conditions governing the Amateur Championship both of which, he claims, are matters which should be dealt with by a body which is "national and representative."

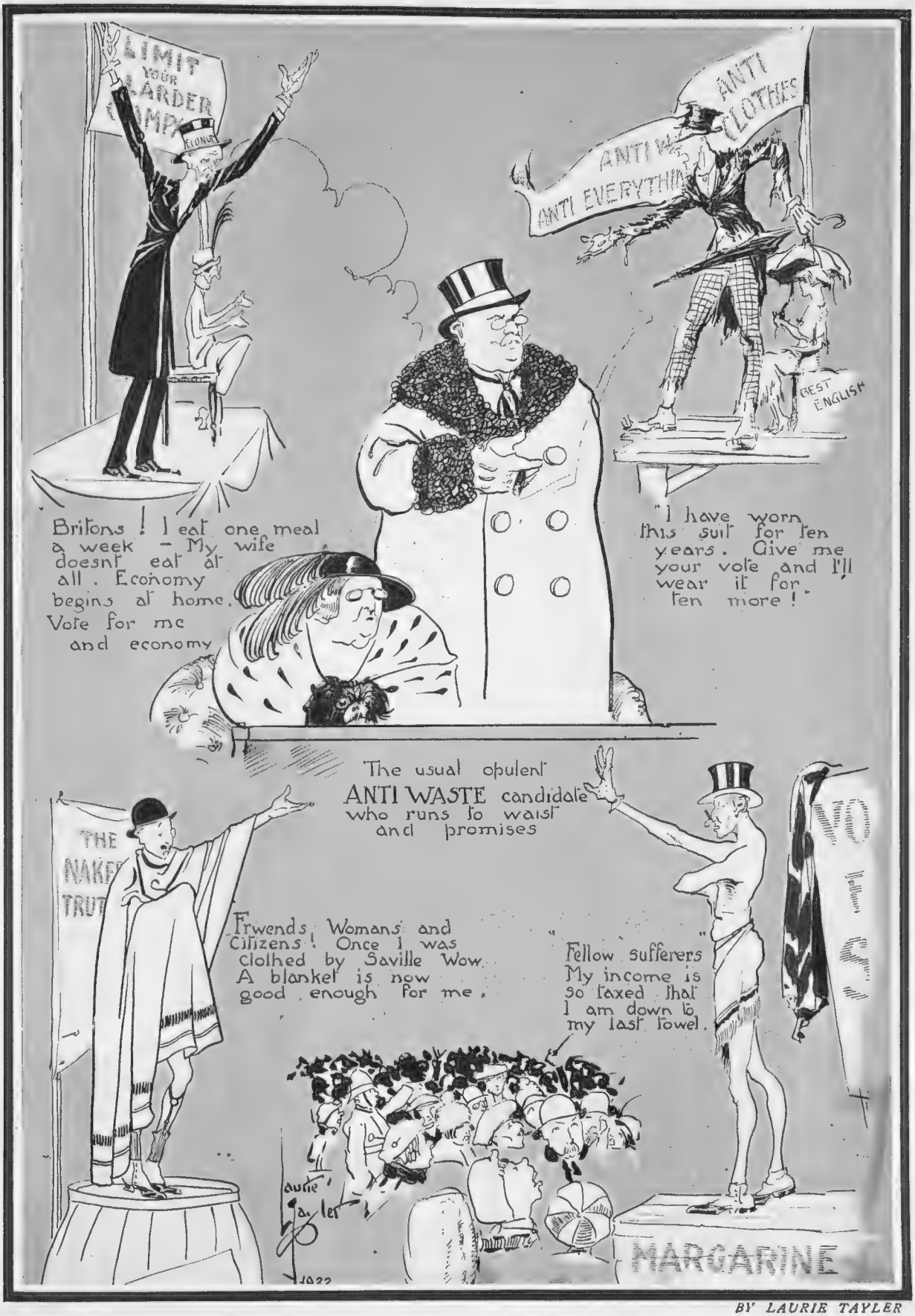
King Log and King Stork

THE formation of an association would, of course, mean the end of the rule of the R. and A. Taylor talks of the new organisation being grafted upon the old one and existing under its ægis, but this, though it sounds very pretty, is really impracticable. You cannot have two governing bodies, analogous to the two Houses of Parliament, in a game. I feel pretty sure that Taylor does not wish to advocate a complete abrogation of the authority of the R. and A. He has, in fact said as much — or almost as much. And even if he does I am extremely doubtful whether his views are shared by the majority of amateur golfers. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the R. and A does not give universal satisfaction. What governing body ever did? Will the situation necessarily be bettered by the substitution of an association? An association has to entrust the conduct of its affairs to a governing body of some sort, and there are plenty of instances in other branches of sport where representative governing bodies elected by associations have achieved prodigies of inefficiency. The fable of King Log and King Stork is always worth remembering even in cases where it is not strictly apposite. H. S. S.

By HARRY WOOLLEY

THAT INFERNAL QUESTION

Eclecting the Electors at the Next Election



BY LAURIE TAYLER

SOME ANTI-WASTERS INDEED!

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

THE ALBRIGHTON MEET AT SIR JOHN LEIGH'S SEAT

Sir John Leigh's handsome residence at Newport, Salop, Lilleshall Hall, was the recent meeting place of the Albrighton pack. Lady Bradford is seen mounted, and on her left, Sir John Leigh, Mr. Thornycroft, and Master Eric Leigh

Rubbing It In

THE Saints preserve foxhunting from the stunts of the sensational Press! "Is hunting unpopular?" asks one of our sprightly daily contemporaries, and proceeds by innuendo and insinuation to suggest that things are not what they were with this national field sport. Thank goodness it is one of the few British institutions of the good old-fashioned sort which are still left to us. Here is the kind of stuff which is served up for the edification of the masses: "Hunting is being made less and less democratic for no good reason. The meets are as little advertised as possible. Especially in the cubbing time, it is increasingly difficult to discover when the hounds meet, and where." Apparently it is not realised that cub-hunting is only rehearsal time.

Rehearsals

NOBODY complains because a theatre does not announce when and where its players are learning their parts. In the same way hounds must be accorded some measure of privacy when they are being taught the business for which they are bred. The huntsman does not want a large gathering at the covertside when his hounds are routing the litters. In recent years a few M.F.H.'s have advertised their cubhunting fixtures, but it will never become a general practice, and for reasons perfectly obvious to those who give two thoughts to the matter. With regard to appointments in the regular season I strongly refute the statement that it is becoming increasingly difficult to find out where hounds meet. Pick up *Horse and Hound* and you will find the fixtures for the coming week of considerably more than 150 packs.

Hunting Democracy

THE comparatively few Hunts which do not advertise their meets in the papers post the information every week to their subscribers and farmers, and if you live in the country there is never any trouble in finding out where to see hounds. When all is said and done, is there any branch of sport much more democratic than fox-hunting? All are free to subscribe to the local pack and have then a voice in the management of its affairs through the Hunt Committee. True, financial reasons may deter you from subscribing and keeping a horse or two, but if you have a bicycle or at least a pair of stout legs you can see a good deal of the fun without paying a farthing. Surely you will find nothing more democratic than that. No, the sport is sound enough at core, and will long survive the pinpricks of those who seek to cast discredit upon it.

Photographs *Topical Press*

MR. AND MRS. J. L. CROSS

Outside their residence, "The Towers," at Catthorpe, where the Pytchley people recently gathered before moving off for the day's sport

LADY CURZON WITH HER PEKE

And Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick, at the Beau Manor meet of the Quorn. Beau Manor, Loughborough, is the seat of Mr. W. M. Curzon-Herrick, who married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon in 1916

A Welter Weight

MR. EDWARD BARCLAY, who is giving up the Puckeridge Hounds at the end of the season, can be properly described as a fine figure of a man. Standing 6 ft. 3 in.

THE MASTER OF THE WEST SOMERSET WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER

Colonel Dennis F. Boles with his huntsman (on left), Miss Boles and Mrs. Boles, at a meet of the pack at Clatworthy

in his stockings, he rides at about 17 st. Yet by careful living and lots of hard exercise he is no heavier now than he was when he left Cambridge rather more than forty years ago. In his 'Varsity days he whipped-in to the Trinity Beagles, and he is one of the many M.F.H.'s whose experiences with the smart little Cambridge pack stood them in good stead in after life Since these times Mr. Barclay has always had a pack of foxhounds or harriers. He spends much of his time in the Puckeridge Kennels, which he built on his own estate many years ago, and no doubt it will be a wrench for him to part with the fine pack he had bred. His son, Major M. E. Barclay, joins him in his resignation.

Extra Days

LORD LUDLOW has decided that the Hertfordshire Hounds shall hunt five days a week instead of four for the remainder of the season, so as to compensate for the many days which have lately been lost by bad weather. In spite of the latter disadvantage Lord Ludlow has given great satisfaction to Hertfordshire hunting people during his first season in office. The hunt servants are beautifully mounted. The hounds have proved themselves a smart working pack, and the Master has been most energetic in striving to make things go smoothly. The Hertfordshire, by the way, must be one of the oldest packs in the kingdom. The country was originally hunted by the Salisbury family, and it was as far back as 1775 that the famous Marchioness of Salisbury began her long Mastership of the pack. She was, I think, the only woman M.F.H. for something like a century, but nowadays seven or eight packs have sportswomen at the helm.

The Lamerton

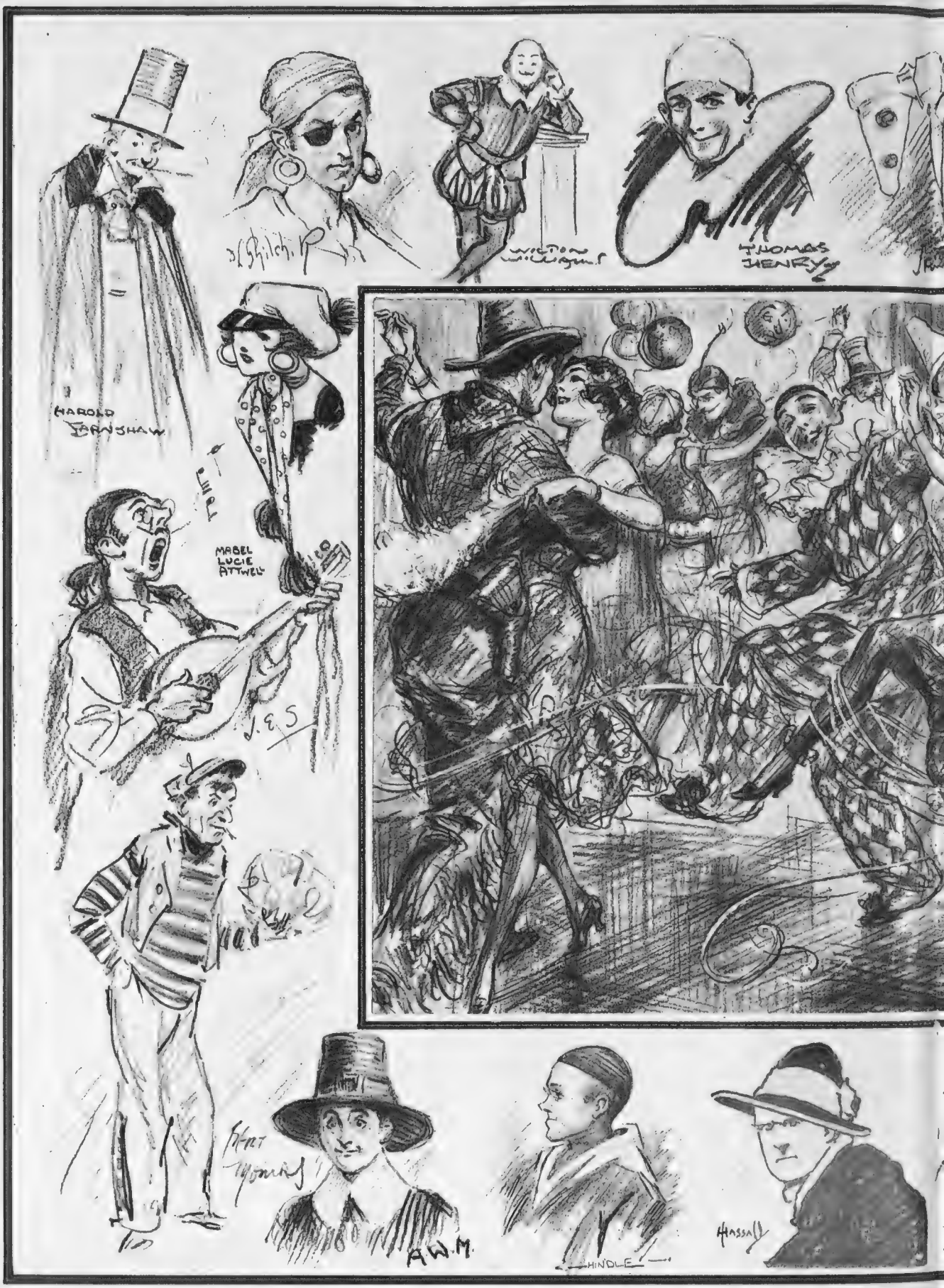
I NOTICE that the members of the Lamerton Hunt are looking for a new Master in succession to Capt. G. Babington. This country lies on the borderland of Devon and Cornwall, and is notable for its big banks. There is a good deal of moorland, on which stone walls are encountered. I never hear of the Lamerton Hounds without I think of the interesting picture which Colonel Anstruther Thomson drew of the twin brothers Leamon, who used to hunt them—"Two thin, delicate-looking men, seventy-two years old, with white hair, very gentle and courteous in manner, red cut-away coats, white cords, black boots, caps and gloves, most respectable, and nothing slang about them." They did most of their own kennel work, and nobody ever kept foxhounds for so little money. "Yes," one of them said on arriving at a distant meet, "we were up early this morning, killed and skinned a horse, lit the copper fire, and got everything ready for feeding on our return." There's enthusiasm for you!

A. W. C.

Photographs *Topical Press*

THE MASTER OF THE SOUTHDOWN

Mr. F. Moffatt Smith, with Viscount Gage, moving off to covert after meeting at Barcombe, Sussex. Viscount Gage's seat being at Firle Place, Lewes, he is often out with the Southdown pack

"To-Night's the Night" at the Albert Ha

To-night (Wednesday) all London will be at the Albert Hall for the famous Chelsea Arts Ball, and this composite page of "ourselves and how we are going." In order that you may know their names when you see them frolicking on the Thomas Henry, D. L. Ghilchik, J. H. Thorpe, Will Owen, Bert Thomas, Wallis Mills, John Hassall, Albert Hindle, Starr

Hall—By Twenty-one Well-known Artists

e by twenty-one different and well-known artists, the majority frequent contributors to "The Bystander," gives some idea
e floor of the Albert Hall, we append the list: Wilmot Lunt, Helen McKie, MacMichael, Fred Buchanan, Wilton Williams,
r Wood, Harold Earnshaw, Mabel Lucie Attwell, Frank Hart, G. L. Stampa, J. E. Sutcliffe, John G. Bowman, F. Foulkes

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A LINGERING REVERIE

Seldom one sees so charming a pose of grace and beauty as this of Miss Cyllene Moxon, who is appearing in this week's production of "Jenny" at the Empire

SHALL THE CORSET BE WORN OUTSIDE?

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

To you it shall not, perhaps, appear a great matter. But to us who have had so long the acquaintance it is momentous. It is the passing of the Sunday clothes. *Il n'y a plus d'habits du dimanche.* Not any more does one see, while to promenade, the little families proud to display a jacket, a hat, a black dress, or a stiff overcoat, all of the which have been most obviously kept in a box between the Sundays. You will remember the sort of attires. It has existed at the past time in England, for one remembers to have read the bemoans about it in the writings of your Robert Blatchford.

BUT it has, I think, been mostly in the country places that Blatchford has complained of it, while in France there has been the lingering of the manner in the capital itself until the most recent months. It shall be a question of the most interest to explain what has accomplished the change which everyone may witness. It is may be that all these *habits du dimanche* have become outworn — they have always appeared to be stamped with the date of their manufacture which has seemed long ago—and that there is not anyone who no more does make the such garments. Or it is, perhaps, that everyone of these little families has become comfortably off in these days of the plenty work and is able to buy often the new suits and the new dresses. There are many of the Parisians who have come from the Auvergne or the Bourgogne who have the regrets about the new manner. In the old fashions they have been reminded of the home town, as my American friend, Grenville, does call

"Il n'y a plus d'habits du dimanche"

it. And now they shall not be able to know the Auvergnat or the Bourguignon from the Grenellois.

IT shall be as much a puzzle as it is to understand the chops and the changes of the Chambre des Deputies. Has been the time when there has been nothing of the more simple than to tell the Left from the Right. At those days the *réprésentants du peuple* who have belonged to the parties of the Left have sat upon the Left and the champions of the Right have sat upon the Right. But in the present days it is not anything like that. One does find the representatives of the revolutionaries seated cheerfully among the reactionaries and a parliamentarian

"Le Bal du Corset"

who is almost a Royalist perched alongside the Communist. And the present complications of the Left and the Right is declared to be responsible the pride of the new members. All of them have the wish to sit at the front or at the back, among the people who have the reputations. And as the old members have the first selection of the places the newcomers have to push themselves in where they are able to find the vacancies. There is the serious danger in this. If one day there shall chance to be absent many of the old members a Premier of the Right may find himself overthrown by the Right instead of by the Left, as is the tradition. And the President of the Republic will not know from which side he must choose a successor. That would be a dreadful complexity.

"The 'little' women have become very angry"

LA DANSE DE LA LUMIÈRE

Mlle. Daunt, a young English dancer, who, within a few months, has become the première danseuse of the Paris Opera

MARCEL will indicate to you another complexity about a place, which is the place to wear a corset. There has lately been the difficulty to have the corset in the usual place for the style of the gowns have not left any whereabouts for corsets. But the makers of the corsets do not consent to be bereft of a whereabouts in such an inconsiderate manner. To them the corset is a thing of beauty which must live for ever. And after the example of the dressmakers they have had a ball, Le Bal du Corset, to put in evidence the beauties of their *créations*. One does hesitate to prophesy that the fashion to wear the corset on the outside shall become popular, but there is not any doubt that many of those which have been shown have had the considerable attractions. Enriched by ribbon work of the most elegant and garlanded by the blossoms of the most tiny, set in the borders of lace, they cannot be said to be other than charming. If success is the due reward of effort the clever little *corsetières*

SHALL THE CORSET BE WORN OUTSIDE? (*concluded*)

have the certainty to triumph once again over the loss of favour.

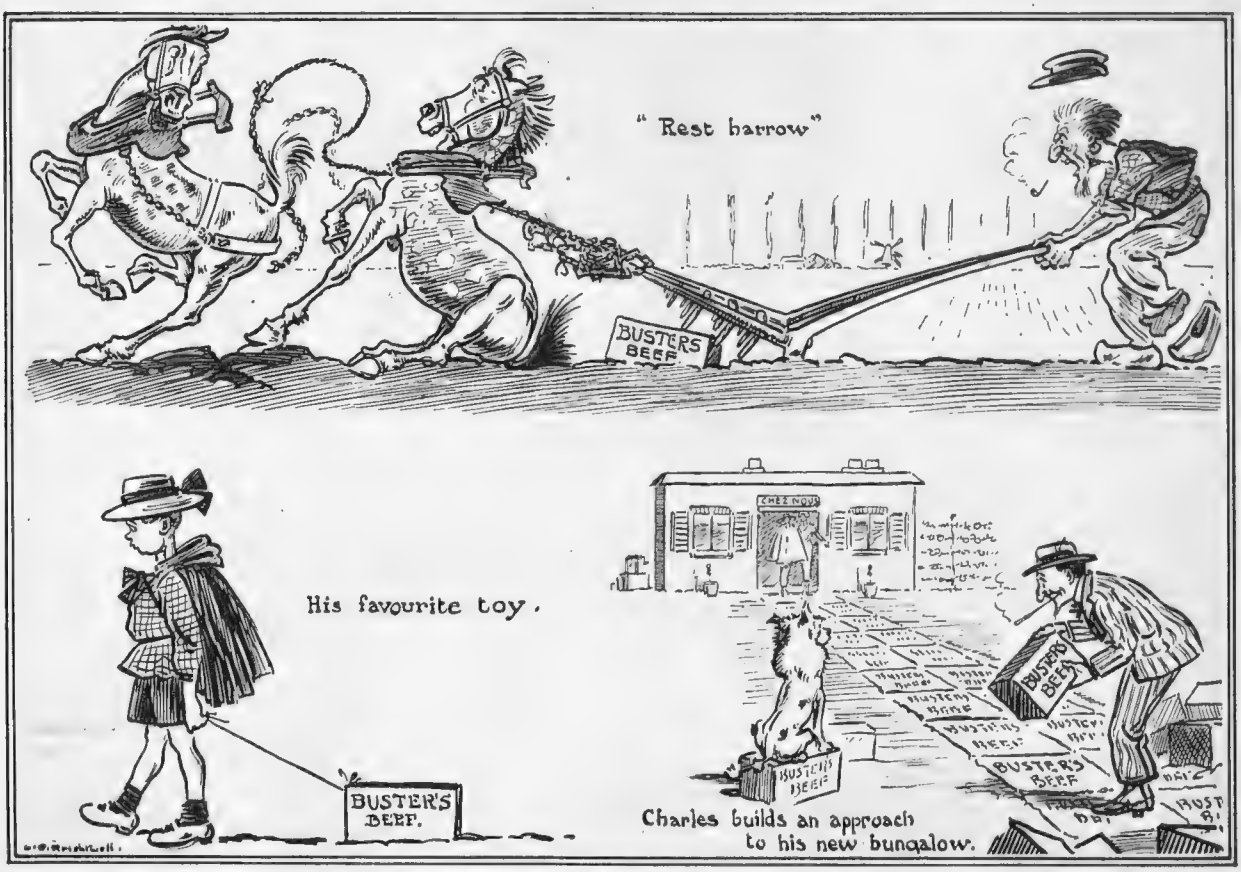
THAT use of the word "little" has recalled that there is a body of the little women which is very angry. They have been scorned by the Under-Secretary for the Posts and the Telegraphs. It is the opinion of the bold Under-Secretary that though little women may make good wives they do not make good postal servants. He has not any room in his post offices for any women who are not more than five feet in height. One should have thought he might take the opposite view, for his post offices are rather cramped. If he has the desire to employ only women of the stature of the wives of farmers they shall become more overcrowded than ever. Perhaps he does think that the little women are not able to be sufficiently haughty to the customer who has the impertinence to insist on buying his postage stamp in less than a half-hour. All over France the little women have taken up the pen, and over the family bureau they have fashioned the lofty language to express their contempt for the Chief Postman.

"The most intriguing of the boudoir teas"

Is it to be suggested that they have less intelligence than their bigger-boned sisters? they have challenged. The Under-Secretary, however, has not yet capitulated.

ONE has observed for some time the tendency to disappear of the bedroom. When one has visited a flat and has been in all the rooms it has at first been the conclusion that the occupants must "sleep out." But the explanation has been in the increased popularity of the divan, which has almost added another room to the *appartement* in allowing its use as an extra *salon*. And now has developed another form of coquetry with this combination bedroom-*salon*. It is at the moment the favourite place for the tea. Thus is accomplished the revival of the boudoir, and, perhaps, even more than a revival. According to the ladies who are permitted to attend these "five o'clocks" the new room is more cosy, while to permit an equal *négligé* in attire. The most advanced of the hostesses are said to preside from bed, attired in lace cap and furred matinée jacket, and to hold court with queenly stateliness. It does sound of the most intriguing.

ROLAND



LES SOUVENIRS

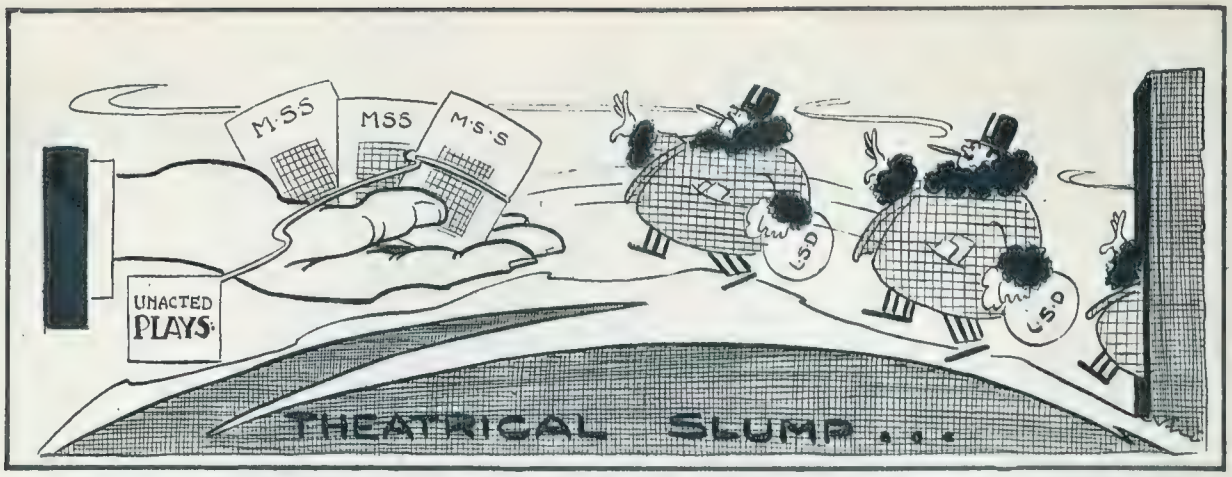
BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Although British troops may have vacated France, they have left behind them a monument a thousand times more enduring than mere marble

The Camembert's Revenge

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

This is the result of my reading about the Prince in India late at night—not to mention previous "operations" with a camembert



SNAPSHOT OF LONDON THEATRICAL BACKERS "BACKING" By Victor Hicks

The Ideal Candidate

By A. A. THOMSON

When fat M.P.s at last awake from sleep
And promises (and ancient eggs) are cheap;
When mouths incapable of melting butter
Seductive sentiments begin to utter;
When candidates engage in one mad race
Bricklayers' bouncing babies to embrace,
Then, I admit, the time is past for scoffing;
A general election's in the offing.

Says Blobbs: "Give me your vote and you shall see
Your Income Tax reduced to one-and-three;
Rents will subside and rates will disappear.
Your life will be all skittles (plus free beer).
You'll never have a dull day or a *dry* day;
I promise the Millennium—by Friday.
To do this is the easiest of jobs."

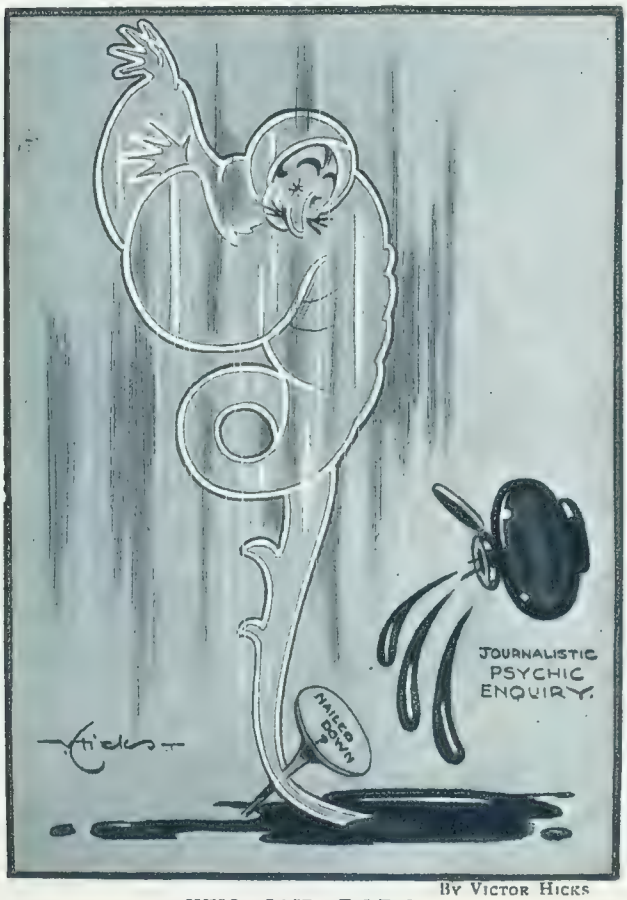
But I hold back. I shall not vote for Blobbs.

Says Dobbs: "If you'll support me at the ballot,
I've got reforms to suit the daintiest palate;
Life shall be one sweet song, one joyous ditty,
And Billingsgate shall be a Garden City.
The New Jerusalem will pale, you'll see,
Compared with Clapham, should you vote for me,
And Pimlico make Paradise grow dim——"

I like not Dobbs. I shall not vote for him.

I'm looking for a candidate who'll swear:
"For you and all your woes I do not care;
I stand because it seems the simplest plan
Of mopping up four hundred pounds *per ann.*;
For looking after self I'm always noted,
And you can go to blazes—when you've voted!"

I'd back this person, were he Blue or Yellow;
He'd be a rather honest sort of fellow.



By Victor Hicks

WHO SAID R.I.P.?

Throwing out a sprat may catch a whale, but you can't catch the spook by spilling *ink* on his "tale"

"The marquise-shaped hat," says an expert, "is a style suitable for a woman who is no longer young." There may be such hats; assuredly there are no such women!

* * *

"Women," says a paragraphist, "have adopted harness head-dress for evening wear." We have always feared they would get the bit between their teeth one of these fine evenings!

* * *

Mr. Asquith observed recently that "they weren't going to give a blank cheque to the Government." We would go further (if we dared) and refuse to give a blankety-blank *farthing* to the Government!

* * *

"New Peace Link," says a headline. We hope it'll preserve the world from further "cuffs!"

The Snow Slip—

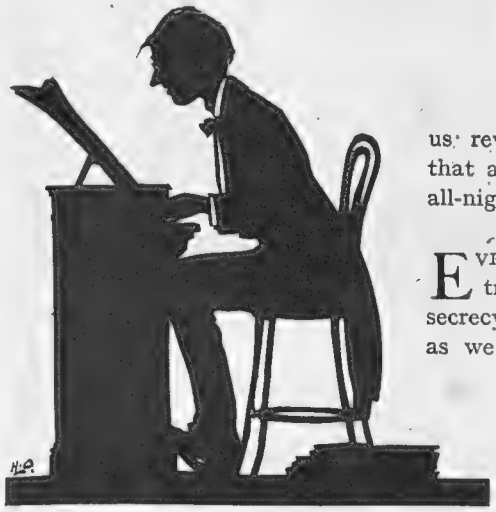
Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

—A He and "Ski" Episode

In the lovely valley of Chamonix snow rarely fails though "skis" may

VERBOTEN-FRUIT

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION



"A pallid pianist lightly played a tiny harmonium"

WE are all suffering badly from that month-after-the-year-before feeling. Very largely it is your fault—and of the fact that you may have no Midnight Follies and we too many.

> Christmas comes but once a year,
> And leaves us feeling dam' small beer.

especially when it is a Rhineland Christmas which you visitors from home prolong for us well into the New Year. Coming from the land of no smokes after 8, no drinks after 10, and nothing for nobody whose pockets are not simply bulging with Fisher-cum-Bradburys, it is not surprising that you found a "come-hither" feeling about Cologne. It gave you smokes when you wanted them, drinks legally till 11.30 (till 2 a.m. on special occasions) and illegally as long as you could shout for 'em—and bubbly at three bob a bottle. No shame to you that you shamelessly lured us from the straight and narrow Strasse which leads from G.H.Q. to the Club, making us reveal to you the passwords that admit to Cologne's forbidden all-night dancing halls.

EVEN those of us who were a trifle *blasé* over their sham-secrecy thrilled to see *you* thrill as we gave the mystic midnight tap on the barred and bolted door—as we were scrutinised by wild commissionaires and mild waiters—as we sat in the semi-darkness till the police on duty had duly carried out their raid—on the wine-cellar—and departed satisfied. Least thrilling of all was the show itself. An ordinary band played ordinary music; ordinary Germans drank very ordinary bubbly at extraordinary prices—*et voilà tout!*

MORE exciting were the smaller *cafés* running the same sort of shows. In these a pallid pianist lightly played a tiny harmonium (with his foot on the soft pedal), and no one dared speak above a whisper lest the swish of skirts should drown the "shimmy" or waltz. Here you really might have been raided—after due warning per telephone from a watchful "friend of the house." What wonder that such possibilities lured some of you from the more comfortable, better managed, cheaper but thoroughly legal entertainment of officially organised British festivities?

HOW we revelled in those restorative lunches next day in one of Cologne's four most delightful restaurants, hidden away in back alleys or behind unpretending *Delikatessen* shops! Real Temples of the Magen (shall we translate it "Interior"?), these, where a priest-proprietor and acolyte waiters dealt religiously with each individual case. There it is that the merely fed-up are—fed, and depart feeling well-fed; the hungry are feasted, and depart gorged. They, also, have the lure of forbidden fruit. Denounced by Press and politician as the profiteers' paradise, they still remain open, and on the morning after—well, who could refuse their ministrations?

AND in between, we had one more prohibited pleasure to offer you—buying forbidden goods. Travellers' luggage is now searched by German police for "articles of daily need," none of which you may take out of the country, while there seems to be little but a bright smile and an empty pocket-book which you may bring duty-free into England. The temptation to be hung rather for a deliberately concealed sheep than for an accidentally smuggled lamb is considerable—especially when one thinks of London prices.

AS we sit and hope it will all tempt you back again soon to us, temptation comes to us—to wish ill-success to those who are trying to make at last a *real* peace in Europe, and so prevent us from getting a thousand marks for our pound once more. ERIC GORDON

SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

"The police had duly carried out their raid on the wine-cellar—and departed satisfied"

"Bart's"

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

The Inter-Hospital "Rugger" cup-ties are with us once again, and the match in the first round between Bart's and Charing Cross is due to be played to-day (Tuesday, Feb. 7). Guy's, the holders, are, of course, the favourites; they are as strong as any club side in the country. Bart's are regarded as their nearest rivals, and they should meet, all being well, in the semi-final. Our artist has here depicted in caricature some of the men who are hoping to make Guy's go all out when that encounter takes place on March 2

Coming Mo

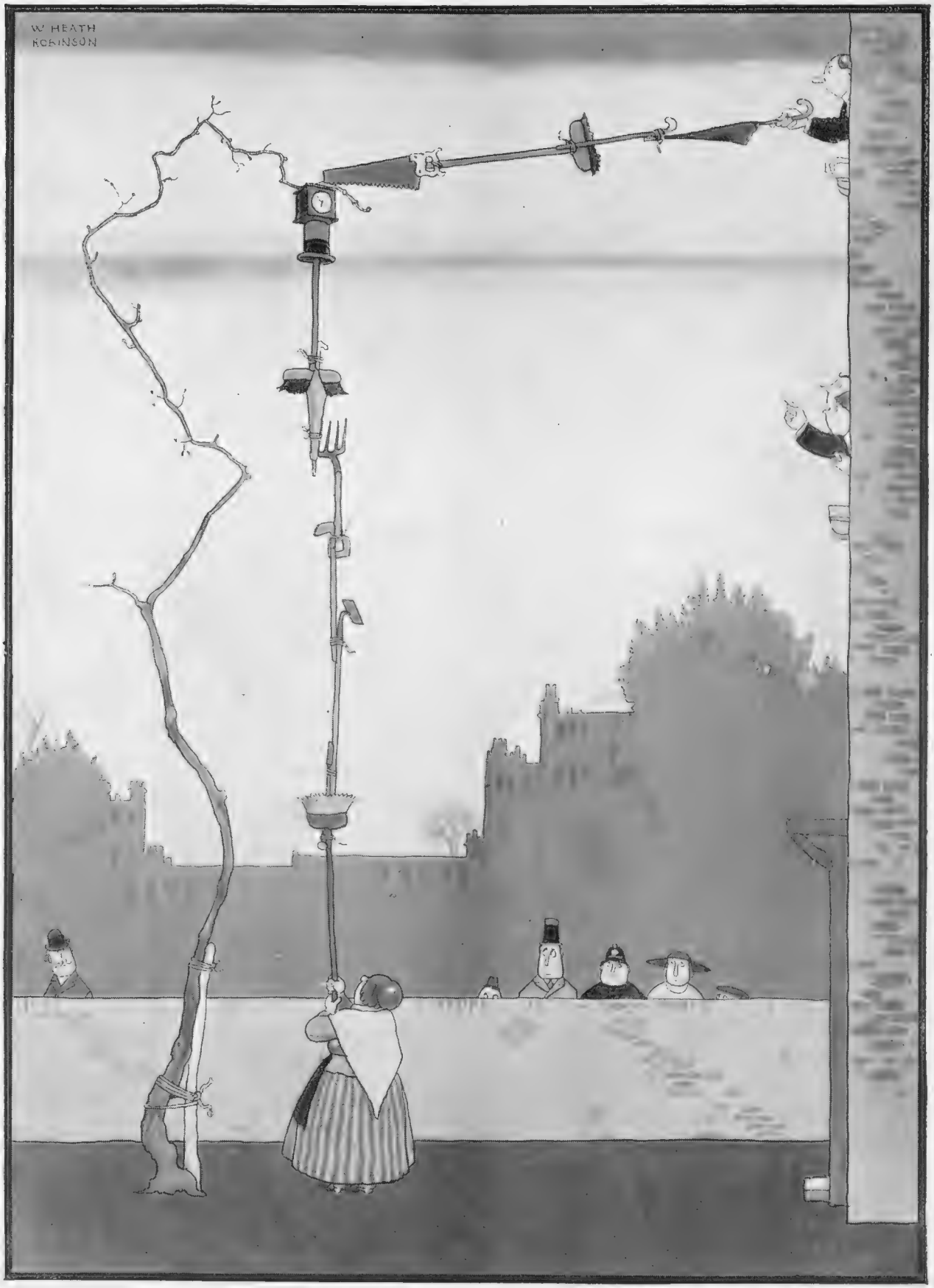
If all the Fashion Forecasts from Paris are to be relied upon, the above

des—Official

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

is what we may expect Social Gatherings to look like in the near future

Self-Help for Amateur Gardeners



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

HOW TO PRUNE A PLUM TREE WITHOUT A LADDER

'UNDER TWO FLAGS"

We have just received this photograph of Bystander Readers in the wilds of East Africa, on the Anglo-Belgian frontier—Kigoma, to be exact. From left to right: The Baron de l'Epine, Administrator Territorial; Mr. C. J. Bagenal, District Political Officer, Kigoma; Mons. Wuidaert, Résident de l'Urundi; and Mr. H. H. Alsopp, Assistant Political Officer

THE CURTAIN RISES

by "Blanchette"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *February* 6

DEAR COUSIN—

IN the words of a certain poet whose charming little verses I've just been reading in the *Sunday Times*:

I love preliminary things,
The tuning-up of flutes and strings—

Don't you? And just this very moment there's quite a lot of tuning-up going on . . . the intriguing first start of things great and small, the opening stages of new dramas, fresh chapters that'll end no one knows how.

ALREADY there have been fleeting flashes, tiny glimpses, soft, timid whispers of the approach of our annual miracle—Spring. And even in London gardens, here and there—

. . . . . Frail snowdrops bend their eyes
Upon the earth that hid them yesterday:
Whitebanded crocus spears grow stiffly upward,
And the first hints of primroses show green.

Though on Nature we always rather *can* count, can't we—up to a point? Which is more than one can truthfully say of matters more materially mundane that the curtain's just beginning to rise on here in England now.

ALL sorts of exciting doubts and thrilling guesses, for instance, about what's going to happen in the new Parliament that has its first push-off, complete with State procession and all, this week as ever is. Stories of splits and murmurs of coming crises simply reverberate through the air. Not to mention real red-hot talking-scraps to the very death between the Men Who Run Things—which are so *much* more absorbing—aren't they?—than mere impersonal chat about principles and policies and what not. Especially when they start quoting rude things from Pope and people about each other, like—

Scribbler, painter, statesman, and buffoon—

"The curtain rises"

"One of the Poplar unemployed"

as a noble lord called Winston the other day!

And the party system, apparently, in full swing again, and Premier-making once more the pastime of the moment, with Lord Grey back in the limelight and first favourite with, anyway, some of the prophets. Rather mess up the game for 'em, though, won't it, if the job turns out not to be going after all? But whatever happens, and however you look at it, isn't it all quite too wonderfully and delightfully pre-War?

Curtain's just rising socially, too, as it has a way of doing, of course, when the Court's come back to Town. And with a Levée and Investiture this week, as well as all the political crowd gathered round the ingle-nooks, as you might say, of Westminster and Mayfair . . . and the Royal Wedding only three weeks off, and even more than the usual pre-Lenten rush of weddings of loyal subjects to swell the social programme—looks as if this before-Easter season will be quite something in the way of a pre-War record as well.

Once more, also, the lists begin to swell of the in-aid-of dances—you know the sort I mean, for charities and other official purps. Among them a St. Valentine's Day one at the Hyde Park Hotel to help that very good cause, Lady Carisbrooke's fund for invalid gentlewomen, not to exclude a special Valentine night at the Empress Rooms. And two rather special U.S. affairs. One's a reception and ball on the 13th at the Hotel Belgravia, which was the H.Q. of the American Army in the War, and is to have a memorial unveiled same night to commemorate the fact. And on the 22nd that national hero Geo. Washington's birthday is to be celebrated by the English-Speaking Union at a big dance at the Hyde Park, where the Duchess of Sutherland will be hostess.

"All sorts of exciting doubts and guesses"

Sure sign, you know, that London's filling up when these "white-glove" dances begin to roll up again thick and fast. Thirty shillings or so a time per ticket per person, most of them cost—and, of *course*, they're quite worth it (said she, hurriedly), but what I mean to say is, there must be *some* one back in Town besides mere ordinary wage-earners and bread-winners to be able to carry on the good work and keep them going—what?

"White-glove dances begin to roll up again"

We're to have some very highbrow *premières* this week, which seem to give one quite a sort of a pre-Warrish feeling too. One's Mr. Galsworthy's frightfully tragic *Justice*, which harrowed all London's heartstrings years and years ago, and sent people home supperless (like Pussyfoot) because they felt they simply couldn't eat. And then there's Mr. Bernard Shaw's lovely *Fanny's First Play*, where Mr. Walkley talks before the curtain and the footman turns out to be a Duke. And—yes, Gilbert and Sullivan's *Ruddigore* at the Princes as well.

Three pre-War plays in one week! Though, I suppose, really the only thing that ought to surprise one these days is anyone ever taking what one of the producers himself calls the "fearful risk" of putting on any *new* plays. To judge, that is to say, by all the

lurid things we've been hearing lately about the positive King's Ransoms that the wily profiteer has forced the downtrodden producer to pay for his theatre alone—not to mention £200 a week salaries and fearfully expensive frocks and scenery and all the rest of it. All the same, don't seem to have heard yet of any of 'em taking to sandwich boards or the pre-War pastime of crossing-sweeping instead!

THE movies, by the way, I expect, must have helped to make theatres feel the draught a bit—though, according to M. Diaghileff, the great Russian Ballet man, they, too, are in danger because they're being run on such wrong lines. Says there *ought* to be great things in the cinema, and agrees with me that acting for it needs quite a lot of art. Instead of which . . . "every actor who fails in his profession becomes a cinema performer," and we in London are given film dramas "which no theatre manager would dare to produce," accompanied by music "which not even a restaurant manager would have the audacity to offer his patrons!"

A SHADE on the drastic side—what? And, anyway, there *are* others, like, for one, that rather wonderful "Queen of Sheba" film they're giving at the Philharmonic Hall, with lovely music to match—and *such* a handsome Solomon! And no one seems to mind in the very least the—er—well, polygamous part of it, either.

WHICH reminds me—quite a pre-War touch, too, isn't it, that "Down with the Mormons" cry of the moment? Not to mention "Is Spiritualism a Fraud?" and "Is Married Life Dull?" Only thing about us no one possibly *could* call pre-War is our incomes . . . unless we're Poplar unemployed, that is, or live in the Channel Islands with a 6*d*. income tax and everything f.o.b., so to speak.

BUT never mind and no matter . . .

Looking forward to the spring
One puts up with anything

as another of the poets puts it.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

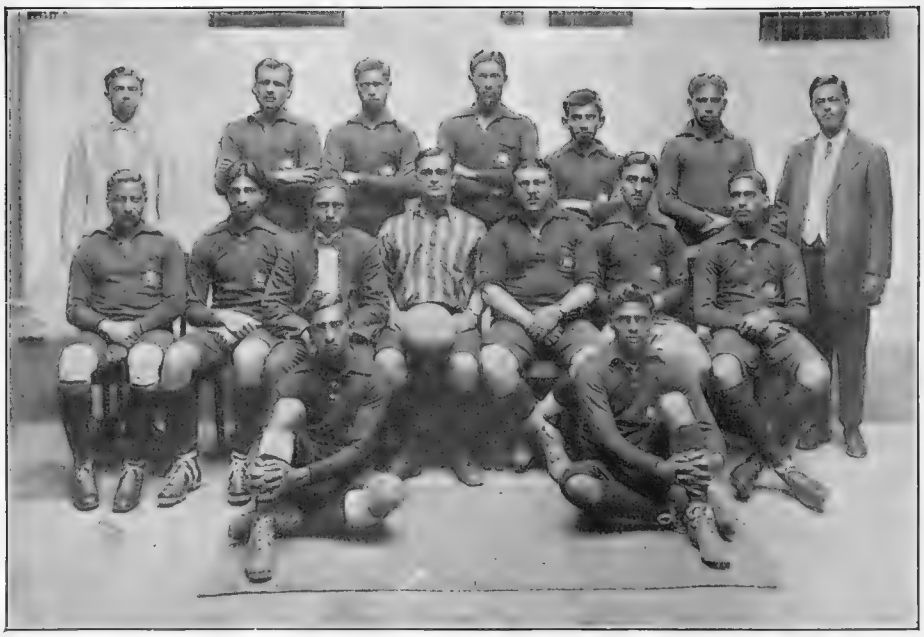
By "Jonk"

STOCK EXCHANGE CELEBRITIES

No. XIV.—MR. CECIL BRAITHWAITE

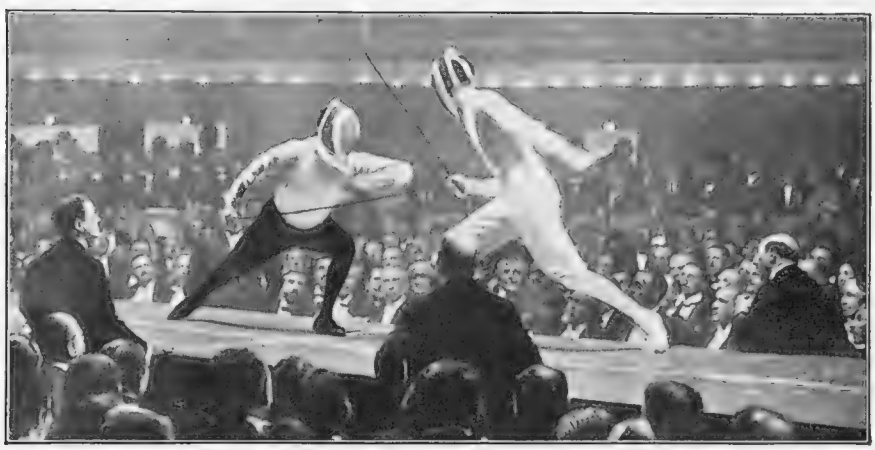
An old member of the House. For ten years he occupied a Committee chair and is now a member of the Benevolent Fund. Has made a few "ducks" at cricket and scored some goals at football, rows well and rides better; in fact, the "compleat sportsman".

The WEEK'S SPORT IN PICTURES



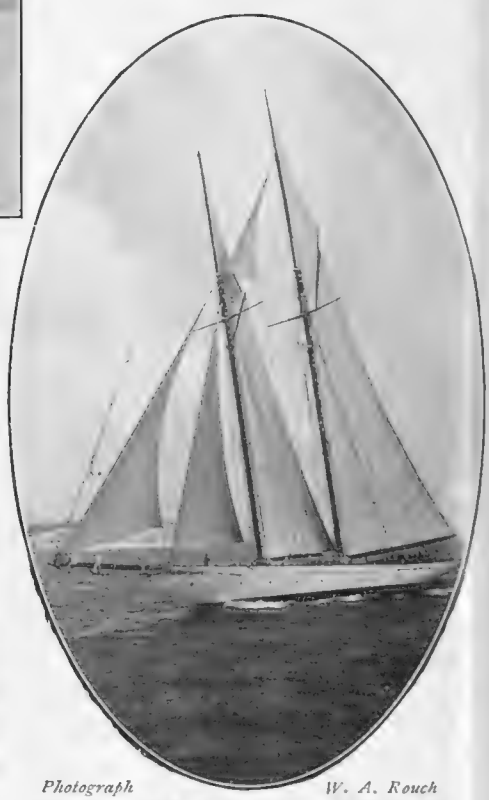
Photograph **TOURING IN THE LAND OF THEIR ORIGIN** *Topical Press*

This Association football team of Indians born and resident in South Africa is now touring in India and has been playing recently at Calcutta. Left to right, standing: M. Doman, Timol, A. A. Gunny, S. Sham, Bhijat, R. Ruthunam, J. S. Rajpaul. Seated: A. Gaffoor, Rawat, J. M. Soodyall (manager), Subban (captain), R. Jeetoo. Front pair: S. L. Munpath and Doraisamy



A FRENCH VICTORY WITH THE FOIL

The great fencing match in Paris last week between Monsieur Lucien Gaudin, the famous French amateur, and Cavaliere Aldo Naldi, the Italian Champion, was won by the French expert by 20 hits to 11. Though only 23 years of age the young Italian fought cleverly against an opponent who is probably the finest amateur fencer the world has ever seen



Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

UNDER A NEW FLAG AND A NEW NAME

The Ex-Kaiser's famous racing schooner, Meteor III, has now become the property of a French owner, M. Bunau-Varilla, who is re-naming her Pays-de-France II

Photograph *Sport and General*

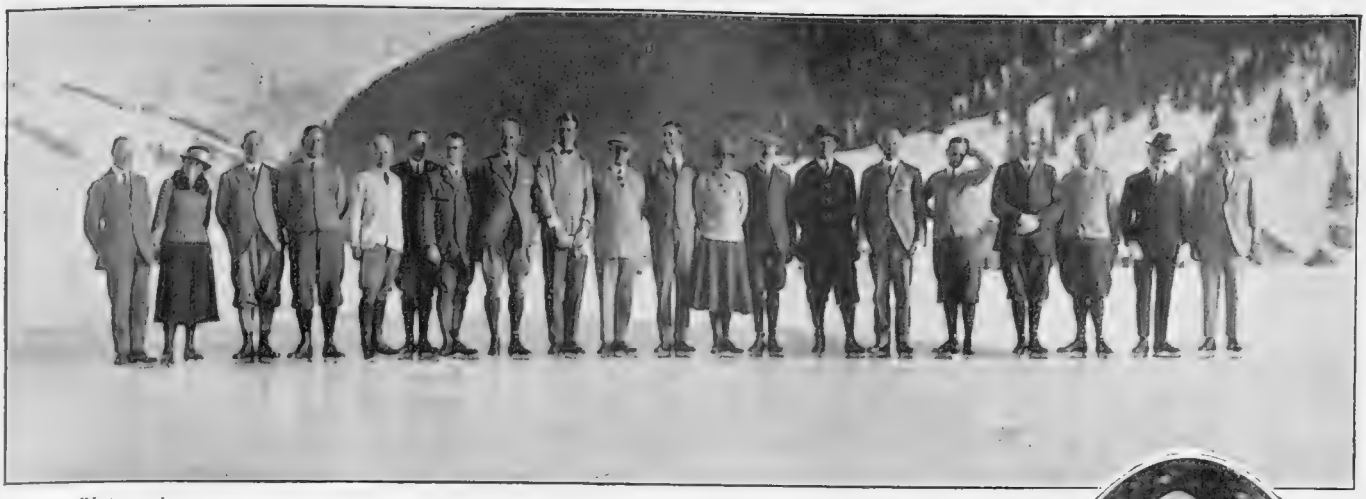
J. E. MAXWELL-HYSLOP

The Oxford "Rugger" Captain, who has been chosen to play for England against Ireland in Dublin next Saturday. The Cambridge Captains of 1920 and 1921, G. S. Conway and R. Cove-Smith, are also in the side

Photograph *Sport and General*

A FOUR BALL FOURSOME

In the match between the Household Brigade and Beaconsfield which was played at Woking last Wednesday and won by the Household Brigade by 9 points to 5½. Captain G. S. N. Palmer and Captain R. S. Lambert (left) played top couple for the Household Brigade and beat P. C. Harvey and G. Wood by one hole



Photograph *Sport and General*

FAITHFUL TO THE ENGLISH STYLE

A group of the five teams (four in each team) which recently competed in the combined figure skating competition (English style) at Morgins in Switzerland. The other two important competitions in the English style due to be held at Davos have had to be abandoned owing to heavy snow

Photograph *Central News*

A PASS BY CAMBRIDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES—

and rather a risky one at that—in the match between the Harlequins and Cambridge University at Twickenham. Cambridge, weakly represented, were beaten by two goals and four tries to two tries. Their forwards, led by G. S. Conway, held their own fairly well, but their backs were outplayed

Photograph *Sport and General*

R. S. HEWETT

Winner of the Houghton Cup for figure skating in the English style at Morgins. He is the holder of the British Amateur Championship and his mastery of the English style gave him a handsome victory

Photograph *James Press Agency*

THE OXFORD EIGHT IN THE MAKING

At Oxford they have been trying the experiment of having a second crew out every day with a view to a thorough "try-out" of possible candidates for the first. Our illustration shows the first crew, stroked by A. V. Campbell (Eton and Christchurch), settling down to a steady afternoon's work. The old Blue, G. C. Drinkwater, has been coaching them, and under his tuition satisfactory progress has been made. Though they will probably be a good deal lighter than the last two crews there are indications of "a certain liveliness" about their rowing which is distinctly encouraging

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

LINCOLN AND GRAND NATIONAL JOTTINGS

Burnt Fingers

LONG before the weights appeared Leighton and Always were talked of as likely favourites for the Lincoln and Grand National. A certain amount of money, in fact, did go on them for these races, and they were frequently coupled in early doubles. Impetuous punters have once again burnt their fingers. I hope no reader of these notes was among them. A month ago I sounded a definite note of warning regarding Leighton and the Lincoln. Even now, with the acceptances before us, there are any number of stable queries. For instance, which will be the pick of Mr. Solly Joel's three? Will brother Jack run Hamlet or will the stable depend on Aclare? Cottrill still has half a dozen to choose from: will Humpty Dumpty be *the* one? I perceive no advantage in butting in yet awhile. Better wait awhile and see how stable plans shape themselves.

Bad Luck, Mr. Brown

WE all sympathise with Mr. Harry Brown in the matter of The Bore. His extraordinarily plucky effort on the horse last year was everybody's admiration, and it would have been delightful to see him ride to victory this time. It is certain that Mr. Brown will have the choice of several good mounts in the National, for there is no better horseman over the Liverpool country—or any other, for that matter. Excepting The Bore, the horses which have gone out of the National are not a very important lot. True, Silver Ring is among them, but he is not the jumper for this country. "Bob" Gore still has Sir Huon and Southampton to give him hope that the great prize will again go Sussex way. He also trains Masterful, an American horse, belonging to Mr. Foxhall Keene.

Shaun's Form

GEORGE POOLE still has half-a-dozen in the National, but Shaun Spadah, providing he keeps right, will again be this stable's best. I was not at all displeased with this horse's display at Kempton Park recently. It was a treat to watch the easy way he popped over the fences. He was, of course, badly beaten for pace, but Fred Rees appeared to be riding him mainly with the object of giving him a good school. I think we shall see Shaun Spadah to better advantage before long. He is not one of those National winners who are no good excepting at Aintree.

A National Outsider

LAST week's big steeplechase at Nottingham brought prominently into notice a National outsider who previously had not been thought to be "on the map." You can still, I suppose, get a long price about Grey Dawn V, but his success showed us that there are some good horses among the despised 10 st. lot at Aintree. The Nottingham winner is in the safe hands of Alfred Newey, whose feat of riding Eremon to victory in the Grand National with only one iron for the greater part of the race will never be forgotten. Nobody would call Newey a stylish horseman, but he is certainly an eminently effective one. We now see that as a trainer he knows his job as well as he does as a jockey.

By "THE TOUT"

"THE CHAMPION STEEPLECHASE JOCK."

F. B. Rees, who once figured among the "Misters," and is now our leading "pro."; he is closely associated with Poole's stable, and steered Shaun Spadah to victory in last year's "National"

Whitaker's Fine String

MR. PERCY WHITAKER introduced us to another of his formidable National string at Nottingham in the Irish-bred mare, Green Wavelet. She was well backed and set the pace in lively fashion, only to fade away before the end of the journey. The critics thereupon described her as a non-stayer, but I hardly think this can be correct, seeing that Green Wavelet won a four-mile 'chase at Punchestown last year. Probably she was a little bit backward in condition last week. Anyway, Mr. Whitaker may not find it easy to pick between her and his other candidates at Aintree. Ardgour is a great favourite of mine in this stable. He looks an ideal National horse, though whether he can jump and stay the Liverpool country is another matter.

This Week's Sport

AT Gatwick on Wednesday Lord Denman's recent purchase, **Double Bed,** may win the Wickham Hurdle Handicap. I know that Harry East, the horse's former trainer, was deeply grieved when he went out of his stable. The winner of the Surrey Steeplechase on the second day will probably be saddled by Poole, who has Shaun Spadah and two other good ones in the race. Friday takes us to Hurst Park, where **Forest Fire,** who keeps on missing good engagements, may come out for the Roehampton Hurdle Race. On the same afternoon I hope to see the Walton Steeplechase won by **Ardgour.**

Square Meal's Chance

THE big event on Saturday will be the New Century Steeplechase, in which I expect **Square Meal** to make a successful first appearance over fences. One or two other well-known performers over hurdles may run in this race, notably Knight of Manister, Morganatic Marriage, and the disappointing Galroy. It promises, therefore, to be an exceptionally interesting affair.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy"

A Celluloid Version of the Popular Novel

THE ANCESTRAL HALL

This interior of Dorincourt Castle was taken in America and the producers are to be congratulated on having reconstructed the English atmosphere with meticulous care. It is also interesting to learn that "an English butler was requisitioned to drill the servants"

PENSIVE

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY AND HIS DOG

Mary Pickford has secured for herself another success in this picturisation of Frances Hodgson Burnet's popular novel. This veritable Rembrandt of motion pictures is yet a further advancement on the technique of wordless plays in that Mary Pickford acts in the dual rôles of Cedric Errol and "Dearest"—the film actually showing Mary (as Cedric) kissing herself (as "Dearest")

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

CHRONICLES OF HO SHI FU

EPISODE IV.—CHINESE REVENGE

BY ARTHUR MILLS

I CANNOT say whether Ho Shi Fu planned his revenge on the General deliberately. I can only say that one day Sir John offended him, and that he paid him out. The vendetta began in this way.

The day after Garrivale's arrival at Wooton Court he played a friendly match with Sir John over the Buddercomb Links. Garry had gone to Wooton Court chiefly to see Miranda, the General's daughter.

He was losing his match (mostly on purpose), and when they came to the 16th green the General required to get down in two putts to win. The 16th green lay just at the edge of the shrubbery at the bottom of Wooton Court Gardens. The General's ball lay some 12 feet from the hole. He addressed it with care, but hitting it too hard ran 4 feet beyond the pin. He took every precaution to recover his mistake. He studied the line of the putt from both ends; removed with his forefinger and thumb a minute particle of vegetation; motioned his caddie to one side; and finally, grasping his putter firmly, addressed the ball. Garry and Miranda held their breath. Slowly, his eyes glued to the ground, the General swung back the head of his putter: then, just at the psychological instant that he was going to strike, the incident happened. Ho Shi Fu, who had been watching with deep interest from a concealed position in the bushes, dashed into the open, and emitted a shrill "yap."

The General lifted his head, missed his putt, gave a bellow of rage, and sent his putter hurtling through the air.

"D—— that blasted dog!" he yelled.

Ho Shi Fu just managed to dodge the putter, and rushed away with his tail between his legs, sure sign that his dignity had been most mortally offended.

Only the combined efforts of Garry and Miranda succeeded in persuading the General to go on playing. Before he did begin again he expressed himself very strongly about other people's dogs.

However, to begin the story rather more at the beginning and explain how Garrivale and Ho Shi Fu came to be at Wooton Court.

Poor Garrivale! Ho Shi Fu had been a sore handicap to him at times. He firmly believed that but for the little dog he would have achieved the desire of his heart long ago.

Captain Garrivale,—th Lancers, home on leave from India, most desperately desired to find a wife before he had to return. Though he had met more than one girl who, he felt, would have suited him, he had every time been unlucky, and in each case his ill-fortune could be directly attributed to Ho Shi Fu.

However, when he met Miranda Goughty he truly believed he had come to the end of his quest. Garry had not wanted to take Ho Shi Fu to Wooton Court. He had become almost fatalistic about the little dog when there was a lady in the case. Ho Shi Fu would always manage to queer a promising love affair somehow. However, Miranda gave Garry no choice.

"You must bring him," she said, "it will please mother so; she adores Pekingese."

Now when a pretty girl, whom a young man is hoping to find the courage to ask to marry him, says that something will please her mother, he takes her advice.

Miranda had corn-coloured hair and cornflower-coloured eyes. She need not be described more minutely. Suffice it that the combination had proved altogether too much for Garrivale. She had a sweet disposition, and was one of the few soft spots in the life of her papa, who was an old gentleman of most uncertain temper.

Since leaving the Army General Goughty had taken up golf with great enthusiasm. He was allotted a sixteen handicap at the Buddercomb Club.

(All rights strictly reserved)

And mind you bring your golf clubs, too," Miranda said to Garry, "then you'll be able to play golf with papa."

"Oo—er!" thought Garry, who knew something of the General's reputation on the golf links. However, he took his clubs.

The first evening he arrived at Wooton Court Garry was glad he had taken Miranda's advice, both in the matter of Ho Shi Fu and the golf bag. For Ho Shi Fu appeared disposed to like Lady Goughty and she was delighted with him. While as for the General it was soon obvious to Garry that he was practically a golf lunatic. Finding Garry to be a fellow golfer the General button-holed him after dinner, and talked for an hour without stopping about the game. Garry, with one eye on the clock and his mind on Miranda's bedtime, listened as attentively as possible.

It appeared that in three days time the competition for the Buddercomb Grand Annual Challenge Cup was to be played; further, that several of the General's friends had told him that, with a handicap of 16, he stood a good chance of winning this trophy; and, further still, that he (the General) believed he *would* win it if only he could *drive*.

"Most extraordinary thing," said the General, "I can play quite well with my irons; I putt like a book; but when I stand on the tee and get a driver in my hand, I'm all over the place. This afternoon——" the General slammed his hand on the table and launched into a long story about a match he ought to have won, but hadn't.

"Just some little thing, I expect, sir," said Garry, sympathetically. "Can't the pro. . . . er."

"The professional is a damned fool," interrupted the General. Garry preserved a respectful silence. The General looked at him keenly. "If I could find a man who could teach me how to drive," he said, "I . . . I should be very much obliged to him."

(Continued on page 314)

Making a Record

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

"CHRONICLES OF HO SHI FU" (*continued*)

That night Garry took to bed with him both Braid's and Vardon's books on golf, and studied the chapters on driving in them diligently.

The next morning Garry, the General, and Miranda went up to the links, leaving Ho Shi Fu behind with Lady Goughty.

Garry knew a little about golf, and after carefully watching the General's play believed he had found out what was wrong with his driving. Briefly, the trouble was that the General was inclined to over-swing. He was a big man and ran to weight, and he lashed at the ball—especially after he had missed a shot or two—in a truly terrific manner. Garry decided to take the risk of giving the General advice.

"You are pressing a little, sir."

"*Pressing!*" said the General, glaring at a divot that would have covered a young turtle, and addressing himself again to the ball.

"Slow back, sir, and don't get the arms through before the body," Garry illustrated what he meant. The General watched him, and then tried to play a shot the same way. He hit a distinctly better drive.

"Believe there's something in it," he said.

Garry coached him assiduously, and by the end of the morning he was really driving quite well. They played again after lunch when the incident of Ho Shi Fu spoiling the putt occurred. It was not until after tea that Garry got a chance of a few minutes alone with Miranda. They managed to creep off to the billiard room, and sat for a whole blissful quarter of an hour alone with the firelight.

"I think papa likes you," said Miranda, softly.

"I hope he does," said Garrivale, significantly. "I've done all I can to put him on his driving."

"If he wins this Challenge Cup on Saturday he'll be very pleased," and Miranda twisted her pretty fingers.

Garry said nothing though the inference was plain. Saturday night, if the Grand Annual Challenge Cup came safely to Wooton Court, would be a very good moment for asking favours.

The morning of the great day broke fine, and ten o'clock found Garry, Miranda, and the General on the first tee, anxious but hopeful. Garry felt sure that if only the General would remember the advice he had given him all would be well. The General himself was palpably nervous; however, he managed to steady himself sufficiently to hit a nice straight shot about 140 yards down the fairway at the first hole, and secured a 5; continuing to play steadily he did the first 9 holes in forty-five.

On the 18th tee the General was in a very strong position. The next best score in was 78, and he required a five for a 76 net.

He walked on the tee with his head thrown back, shoulders squared, and the light of victory in his eye. "Much obliged to you for putting me on my driving," he had said more than once during the morning to Garry, "never played better in my life." Whereat Garry would exchange a covert glance with Miranda.

The 18th hole measured 330 yards. The General supervised the teeing of his ball with the greatest care, took a last look at the direction flag, and struck. He hit the best drive of his life, and stood back grinning with satisfaction as he watched the ball flying through the air.

Suddenly he gave an exclamation of anxiety.

"Hi! Stop that dog!"

Following the General's glance, Garry, to his horror, saw Ho Shi Fu careering across the fairway straight after the rolling, bouncing ball.

The General started to run, so did Garry, and so did Miranda. Ho Shi Fu put on an extra turn of speed, overtook the ball, and snatched it between his teeth. With tail stiff as a poker, he started to race off with his prize. The General, frantic with rage, raced after him.

"Drop it, you . . . I'll have you shot," he yelled.

The caddies also joined in the chase, and there were soon nearly a dozen people running after the thief. Ho Shi Fu thought it the best game he had played for a long time. He fairly laid his little body to the ground in his efforts to elude his pursuers.

However, carrying a golf ball, and breathing at the same time became difficult and, in reaching a bunker, Ho Shi Fu abandoned his prize. He dropped the ball in a heel mark, and slunk behind a gorse bush.

"What's the rule?" said the General, panting for breath. "I suppose I replace the ball where it was taken from?"

"I'm afraid you have to play it from there," said one of the committee.

"From here! Why that blighted little dog has carried me half a mile from the hole and put me in a place where I can only use a niblick."

"It's bad luck!" said the other, "but I'm afraid that's the rule, it's what they call a rub on the green."

"Rub on the green!" spluttered the General, "who the devil owns the dog, anyway? Scandalous allowing animals on the links at all." He glared round.

Garry, with a look of complete innocence on his face, was gazing at his boots.

"By Gad, sir!" said the General, suddenly, "That dog is your Pekingese."

. . . . . .

"Well," said Garry, a couple of hours later to Miranda, who had come down to the station to see him off, "I hope I'm not a coward, but I would not ask your father to-night to consent to my marrying you for a hundred thousand pounds."

NEXT WEEK!

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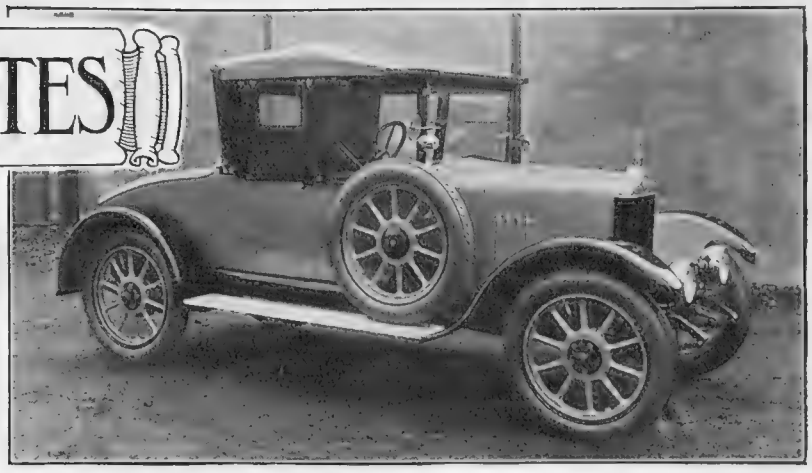

AN EXCELLENT OWNER-DRIVER CAR

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It seems to me somewhat optimistic of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders advocating the holding of a motor exhibition in Dublin in February, 1923. It is only cars built by foreigners that interest the Sinn Fein crowd—German, French, Italian, and American cars. British-built cars are taboo, and likely to be for a very long while and everything else British if these "Free Irish" can buy what they want from any other source. The only commodity they will take that is British is our cash, of which they will endeavour to get as much as possible with their tongues in their cheeks all the time. Hence I notice the beginning of a propaganda to get British motorists to spend their money in the South of Ireland. Don't be misled into going there, as you will be robbed in more ways than one, the hotel charges being high for poor accommodation and the roads rotten, and likely to be for some time to come.

* * *

If those short-sighted enthusiasts of the petrol tax would stop trying to butt their heads against the brick wall of the Customs and expend their energy in endeavouring to reduce the horse-power tax and the price of petrol itself we might get on a bit. The folks that really can afford motor-cars and use them every day, or nearly so, take out a yearly licence and pay their contribution to the Road Fund in one payment and are done with it. There is another class of motor-owners, the week-end and evening-runs type, who hardly ever use their cars from the end of September until Easter. Some of these, under the present system, do not register their cars for the road during these six or three months, and the trade fancy they lose business thereby. Frankly, they never had any business from this class of owner during this time of year, even in the days of the petrol tax. Only they imagined they did because there was no gauge to measure their loss. The whole crux of the matter is that at the present time cars do not sell as quickly or as easily as the dealers would wish. Someone has to be blamed for it, consequently the system of taxation is being made the scapegoat. Reduce the present £1 per horse-power to 15*s.* per h.p., petrol down to 1*s.* 8*d.* per gallon, and lower the price of the cars themselves and increased business would soon ensue. But that means bustling about it, a far too energetic movement for our motor trade.

* * *

The number of light cars I see driven by women now is far in advance of former days, when controls were more complicated and the number of light cars to be seen on the road might be counted on one hand. Now, however, the wife is as much at home in the car and with the engine as her husband, and I see that Offord and Sons, of Gloucester Road, are making a special effort to produce the most suitable and trouble-free light cars for ladies. They are to be commended, too, on their attractive body designs, for it must be admitted that the majority of women are primarily influenced by a car's smart appearance. A visit to the Gloucester Road makers is to be recommended if superfluous capital (or the wife) suggest investing in a car.

* * *

I have to thank Mr. G. R. N. Minchin for suggesting that in my remarks the other day I held out no hope for motorists that there was such a thing as a no-trouble battery. I did not mean to make out the position was as bad as that. As a matter of fact, I do believe the Peto and Radford battery has plenty of acid space that does not need filling up every week in place of the present U.S.A. type of battery, now the fashion, that carries the minimum amount of liquid. Such accumulators as Peto and Radford and the Lucas need only filling up three or four times a year. That is why the P. and R. battery is called the "Bull Dog" type because it hangs on. At the same time, few owners really know what batteries they have on their cars until something goes wrong, and as to seeing that they have a particular make it is about the last thing in the world they think about. Yet the whole usefulness of the car may depend upon this battery. That's why I am trying to get motor-car owners to take a little more interest in this particular part of a car's anatomy. Also, I am not sure that the day is far distant when electric gear-changing will not be the latest feature of the new models of the season. Consequently, motorists will have to become more expert electricians than most of them are to-day, so take greater interest in your battery.

OLD HY.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO ASHRIDGE PARK

A Napier at the Little Gaddesden gate of Ashridge Park, the entrance to the beautiful estates which belonged to the late Lord Brownlow and are to be sold in accordance with his wishes

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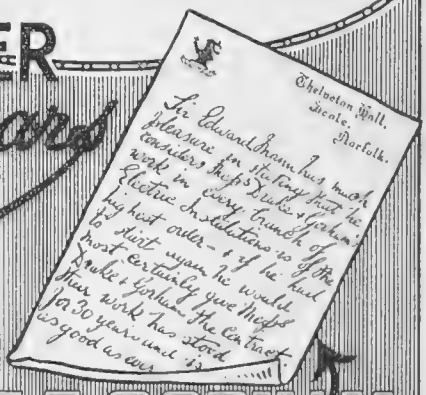

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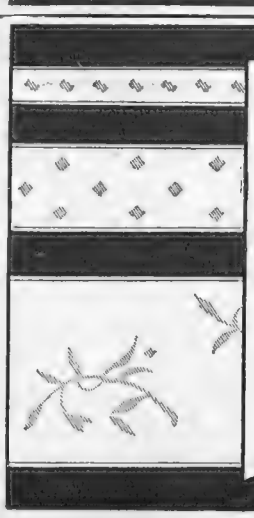

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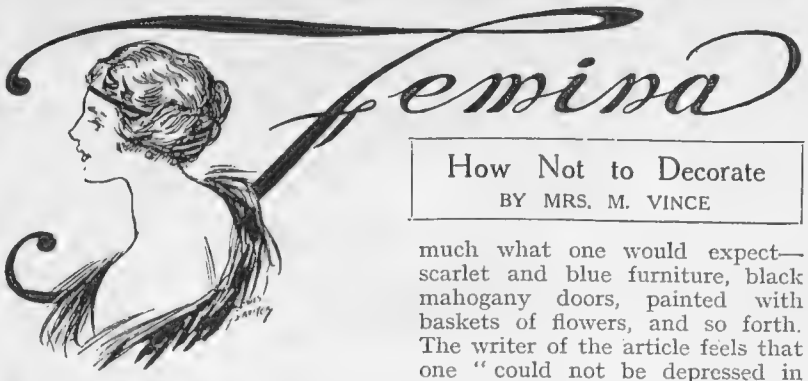

How Not to Decorate

BY MRS. M. VINCE

I READ the other day, in a newspaper, an account of the new and original decorations being carried out at one of the principal London hotels. It was not so much the description of the decorations themselves which interested me, violent though they were, as the way in which they were being done. They are, it appears, carried out entirely by the hotel's own workmen, under the direction of the manager, who sends the men and their wives to study decoration at the Russian Ballet. It was so that the great cathedrals were built by anonymous craftsmen. And yet I am doubtful about the result in the case of this hotel

I EXPECT if you were to suggest to that hotel manager that he should send his waiters also to the Russian Ballet to learn from the dancers how to come into a room, and his secretary to the Old Vic. to learn from Shakespeare how to write the hotel's correspondence, he would be very much astonished. And yet there is not very much difference. It would be a splendid thing for the waiters and the secretary if he did send them—a splendid thing for their general culture—but so far as immediate practical value goes the waiter might just as well be studying M. Idzikowski dancing the Blue Bird and the secretary listening to Mr. Ernest Milton in the part of Hamlet, as the workmen looking at the scenery of M. Leon Bakst. There is the same degree of remoteness between the thing studied and the thing for which it is studied, between one of Hamlet's soliloquies and a business letter, between a pirouette and carrying a dish of fried soles, as between the cobwebbed castle scene in the *Sleeping Princess* and an hotel bedroom.

THE result of imitation of the Russian Ballet in this hotel seems to be much what one would expect—scarlet and blue furniture, black mahogany doors, painted with baskets of flowers, and so forth. The writer of the article feels that one "could not be depressed in spirit" in such surroundings. On the contrary, if one knew anything about house decoration one could be very much depressed indeed. Even if one wanted, which I very much doubt, to get, in a sitting-room or an hotel bedroom, the same effect as that produced on the mind by the scenery of one of those remote and beautiful fantasies of the Russian Ballet, one would necessarily set about it in an entirely different way. For all the circumstances and materials are entirely different. In the ballet the colours of scenery and characters join together to produce the effect. In a room you produce your effect not only without the help of the people in it, but perhaps in spite of them. In the ballet the colours are in continual movement. In a room they are still. In the ballet the whole effect of the scene is given by the use of colours. In a room you have not only colour, but beautiful stuffs and beautiful woods to work with. Woods are not to be treated simply like so much canvas, as seems to be thought at this hotel, where they paint mahogany black. Anyone who has looked at the grain of mahogany knows that it is meant for something better than to be covered with paint.

ABOVE all, when Mr. Bakst designs a scene for the ballet he knows that he is working only for artificial light and that the colours and the strength and direction of this light will be absolutely under his control. The decorator of a room has no such powers. He has to work both for natural and artificial light, for all seasons and all weathers, and of natural light he has just so much as the position of the house will allow him. He has to decorate, that is to say, with the most important of all things altogether out of his control. Instead of being able to use light to help his colours he must often use his colours to help the light, to make dark rooms brighter and cold rooms warmer.

Photograph *Veronie*

"BEAUTY"—IN "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"

Miss Ivy Duke who is now appearing in a "celluloid" production of "Beauty and the Beast," a two-reeler comedy, at the Alhambra; as well as in "Testimony," which is alleged to be a very fine film

HOW easy it is to go wrong with regard to colours, if you know nothing about them, is shown very amusingly in two of the bathrooms in one suite of this same hotel. One of them (I am still quoting from the article) is painted in blue, and even provided with blue bath-salts, to suggest the Mediterranean. The other is in green (with green bath-salts), and is called the "Atlantic" bathroom. It is true that the Mediterranean is very blue, much bluer than the Atlantic. But what makes the Mediterranean blue, and what does one remember as most delightful about it? Surely the brilliance of the light and the warmth. But blue, so far from suggesting light and warmth, is the coldest of all the colours.

THAT shows just how much this sort of impressionism in decoration is worth. It could attract no one with any taste or understanding, and even then it could only attract in the same way as a street acrobat, who stands on his head to gather a crowd by being, for the moment, something unexpected. M. V.

FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Attractive "Au dessous"

MOST certainly are the butterfly and batteau bodice the two most popular upper parts for smart nightdresses, and they are both so attractive it is impossible to say which one prefers. We have, however, selected the first-named for the original model pictured, a design suitable to any material from crepe de Chine to voile, so far as the skirt portion is concerned, the upper part being wholly of lace; a good imitation Venetian point is what I would suggest. The back is a replica of the front, the two, after meeting on the shoulders, falling into natural little cascades, representing just the right apology for sleeves now *de rigueur*. A band of the skirt material is hand-worked with slots and affixed at the waist, and threaded with *picot*-edged ribbon. Assuming that this scheme is carried out in white crepe de Chine and slightly tinted lace, the ribbons might be of pale old pink to match the tiny posies of silk roses posed on either shoulder.

Bodices with the *batteau décolletage* are usually arranged on longer waistlines, the sides opening right down to the waist, and filled in by wide lace or folded net, which is frequently repeated at the hem of the garment.

Piquant Pyjama Suits

ANYTHING uglier, more unfeminine, and unattractive than the regulation pyjama suit it would be difficult to imagine. And yet it has taken us quite a long time to get away from this mannish convention and launch forth into garments more appropriate to the fair sex.

The example shown reaches the hips, and is cut perfectly straight and in one piece. This particular suit was seen effected in old gold crepe de Chine, merely relieved by a fancy button-hole stitch worked in tone. The trousers, it will be observed, are slit up for a short distance on the outside of the leg, and at the waist are mounted on a slot and elastic. And is not the accompanying jaunty little boudoir cap, with its long tasselled end, bewitching? Some soft old gold material being culled to its service, patterned over with black roses and vivid green foliage.

BECOMING NIGHT WEAR

An up-to-date pyjama suit modelled in old gold crepe de Chine, and worn with a jaunty little boudoir cap of gold and black silk, forms the origin of the first sketch, while the dainty little robe du nuit is carried out in white crepe de Chine and tinted Venetian point lace, relieved by pale old pink picot-edged ribbon and hand-made roses

Original designs by Betty Nisbet

A note also may be made of the other *négligée* representing the always becoming Dutch cap made entirely of lace, its high crown banded thrice with narrow ribbon, finishing in front in tight little bows.

A THÉ DANSANT FROCK

Of café au lait satin beauté, with wide sleeves of georgette in tone. This makes a very attractive afternoon gown

Café au Lait, Crepe de Chine, and Georgette

HAVING worked putty, *beige*, and the several shades of mole and chinchilla greys for all they are worth, there has opportunely stepped into the breach a certain charming and delicate *café au lait nuance*. A shade or so deeper and this would be *tabac*, but as it stands it is *café* with a good deal of *lait*. For some reason it is a tone that seems to come out at its best in satin and crepe de Chine, and it is one of these that is employed for that demure simplicity of an *après-midi* gown. The outstanding feature of the model is the original petal and panelled skirt, so definitely uneven at the hem. The *motif* introduced in front only is worked in gold and bronze metal threads, while

(*Continued on page* vi)

Always get the *safe* brand of aspirin

GENASPRIN

(The perfect brand of aspirin)

for Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sleeplessness, Influenza, Gout, Rheumatism, Colds, Catarrhs, and all Nerve-Pains and Feverish Conditions.

WHERE the doctor used to prescribe "aspirin" he now specifies GENASPRIN—because of its safety and purity.

Indeed, it was at the request of medical men that we first manufactured Genasprin: they wanted a better aspirin tablet—a ***safe*** aspirin tablet—and asked us to produce it. Read what they say about it:—

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE (Mar., 1919), writes: "We have no hesitation in describing Genasprin as excellent. Its purity is unquestioned . . . there is no doubt that many samples of aspirin on the market are far from being up to the B.P. standard. Medical men prescribing Genasprin may rest assured that their patients are getting a particularly pure form of aspirin."

MEDICAL TIMES (Nov., 1918), a physician writes: "In the new preparation, known commercially as Genasprin, we have an aspirin tablet possessing marked advantages over all other forms at present available. . . . . What chiefly distinguishes this preparation from the numerous other brands of acetyl-salicylic acid, is the fact that, owing to its absolute purity, it can be prescribed freely without the slightest risk of toxic symptoms."

Write to-day for a Free Sample

Simply send a two-penny stamp to cover postage, and mention the name of this paper. We will forward by return post three doses of Genasprin, with an interesting booklet which tells you everything you ought to know about Genasprin—what it is, what it does, and how to take it.

When you have read this booklet and tested the product, you will always specify Genasprin in future, and keep a bottle in the house for emergencies. Most good chemists stock it—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets—but write to us if you have any difficulty in obtaining it.

GENATOSAN, LIMITED, Makers of

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REGENT ST., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

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South African Representative:
Mr. G. F. Oldfield, P.O. Box 816, Cape Town.

The "LOWTHER" II.

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest soft Felt "Pull-on" Hat. Beautifully light in weight and absolutely waterproof, made in the "superfine" quality only. A most becoming Riding Hat, secure fitting, and for all sporting occasions, golf, etc.; the brim being quite flexible it can be adjusted to suit the wearer, and will also roll up to carry in the pocket. In nigger, tan, light brown, grey, mole, steel grey, black, white, champagne, lemon, cinnamon, cocoa, havana, and a variety of art shades. Price **30/-**

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH

of Knightsbridge.

By Appointment

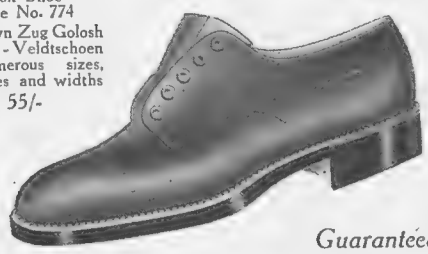
ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1.

Golf without Gout

One of the quandaries of middle age is to obey all one's doctor's injunctions and yet retain some interest in life. He tells you to take exercise—but on no account to get your feet wet. Your heart cries out for golf, but the greens are wet, and where the grass grows thick the dew lingers. The Lotus Veldtschoen Golf Shoe 774 answers the conundrum. This shoe is unique. Its double uppers, turning outward and inward, form a double bar against wet. It is the one genuine and always reliable waterproof shoe. Try it for Winter golf or any other outdoor pursuit.

LOTUS
Golf Shoe
Style No. 774
A Brown Zug Golosh
Welted - Veldtschoen
In numerous sizes,
half-sizes and widths
55/-



Guaranteed Waterproof

Take this description to your Lotus Agent. He will register your size, number and fitting and get you these shoes within 24 hours if they are not already on his shelves.

Lotus

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Stafford

They feel better.
They look better.
They wear better.

The triple reflection of the triplicate quality we build into Stetson Hats.

You are sure to see Stetson Hats wherever well-dressed gentlemen congregate.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, U.S.A.

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70 New Bond Street, London, W. 1

STETSON HATS

WHITE TEETH

WORLD RENOWNED
GLYCERINE
TOOTH PASTE

GELLÉ FRÈRES
PERFUMERS _ PARIS

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, STORES AND HAIRDRESSERS

How many cigarettes do you smoke in a day?

SIX . . . a dozen? Then they should have a distinctive flavour and aroma that satisfy your critical taste.
Forty . . . fifty? Then they should leave the mouth fresh, the palate clean, able to appreciate the last as well as the first.

De Sefi *Hybrid* Virginia Cigarettes

(made of Virginia Tobacco grown in the East)

satisfy both the light and the heavy smoker. They are Virginia in character, but entirely free from the defects of the ordinary Virginia cigarette. The tobacco of which they are made is grown from Virginia seed planted in the light soil of the Orient, and thus acquires a distinctive flavour and aroma that is most agreeable to the senses.

De Sefi *Hybrid* Virginia Cigarettes are also in high favour because, however many of them you smoke in a day, they always leave the mouth fresh and sweet. Once you give them a trial, you will realise how crude and unsatisfying is the ordinary Virginia cigarette.

10 *for* 9*d.* 20 *for* 1/6

Try them to-day. They are sold by all leading good-class tobacconists and the principal Stores (Army and Navy, Harrods, Selfridges, Barkers, John Barnes, etc.) In boxes of

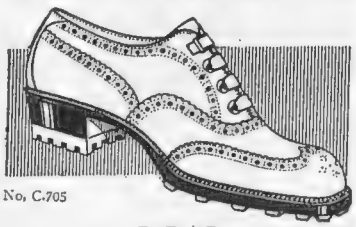
100 *for* 7/6 50 *for* 3/9 20 *for* 1/6 10 *for* 9d

Manufactured only by

DE SEFI LIMITED

Showrooms: 18 Piccadilly Arcade, London, S.W.1

A DISCOVERY for GOLFERS



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POST **38/6** FREE

(Special Terms during February)

A Lady's Fully-Brogued Smart Oxford Shoe. The finest procurable Tan Willow Calf Skins are used in manufacture, and it is finished throughout as bespoke quality.

May we send you our descriptive list No. B13 or a shoe on approval?

Admittedly there is a right and wrong way of doing everything. The SCOT GOLF SHOE'S sole-grip is merely the right way—the scientific way—of inserting grip-nails in places where they are most and only needed to give that indispensable steady stance to the Golfer. But the heel-grip is something more—a valuable invention as the outcome of our experience of golf and association with golfers of repute. It's simple, like most useful discoveries, but it's a heel that is noiseless, light—"always grips—never slips." The shoe itself is a good shoe because it bears the SCOT guarantee trade mark—good materials assembled by conscientious craftsmen. That eminent golfer, J. H. Taylor, has proved the truth of these claims. Why not you?

THE SCOT SHOE HOUSE (A. Duncan & Co., Ld.)
21 Murraygate Dundee

The Simple Secret of Her Loveliness

She uses TWO Creams

To preserve youth and beauty two creams are necessary—(1) Pond's Vanishing Cream in the daytime, to make the skin soft, smooth, and attractive, and to preserve it from blemishes caused by exposure; (2) Pond's Cold Cream before retiring at night, to clean the pores, supplement the natural oil in the skin, and prevent or remove lines, crowsfeet, and wrinkles.

BY DAY.

After your morning toilet, before going out of doors, before dinner or a dance, at the theatre, and on a dozen and one occasions during the day, give your face, neck and hands a light touch of Pond's (the Original) Vanishing Cream. It vanishes instantly and completely, requiring no massage, leaving no shiny, sticky after effects. It can be applied easily anywhere, leaving no sign save an increased attractiveness, a feeling of skin-refreshment, and a faint, delicious aroma of Jacqueminot Roses. Pond's Vanishing Cream prevents roughness and redness of the skin, cracked lips, and chapped hands.

BY NIGHT.

Before retiring to rest, smooth Pond's Cold Cream well into the pores of your face, neck, and hands. Then wipe the cream gently off with a soft towel. You will be astonished at the amount of unsuspected dirt that Pond's Cold Cream has removed from the skin. Pond's Cold Cream gets right into the pores of the skin, cleaning them thoroughly, and supplementing their natural oil with just enough oil to make the skin fresh and clear-looking, preventing or removing the lines, wrinkles, and other blemishes caused by the passing years. No vigorous, tedious massage is necessary—simply a gentle, stroking action, the work of a few moments. To-night, before going to bed, supplement the beneficial effects of Pond's Vanishing Cream by the use of Pond's Cold Cream

START USING THESE TWO CREAMS TO-DAY.

Both Creams of all Chemists and Stores, in handsome opal jars, ***1/3*** *and* ***2/6.***

NOTE REDUCED PRICES FOR TUBES.

7½d. *(handbag size—Vanishing Cream only)* ***and 1/-*** *(Reduced from 9d. and 1/3)*

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

S.A.A.

THREE NUNS Tobacco

A flirt, it is said, makes the best husband. Be that as it may, men who have dallied with other tobaccos certainly become the most faithful adherents of Three Nuns, once they have made their choice.

That is because Three Nuns is *always* as fresh and as fragrant as when they first knew it.

KING'S HEAD

if you prefer a fuller blend.

Both are sold everywhere in the following packings only:
Packets: 1-oz. 1/2, 2-oz. 2/4. Tins: 2-oz. 2/5, 4-oz. 4/8

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand Made	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd, 36, St. Andrew Sq., Glasgow.
712

Simple Safe & Very Economical

No more ingenious system of giving a constant supply of hot water has ever been devised.

It has reduced the fuel cost to a minimum, and is far more economical than the out-of-date Kitchen Range System, and a great deal more efficient.

Easily installed, easily cleared of sediment, easily kept hot by day or night.

Batheater APPARATUS

supplies the maximum quantity of hot water at minimum cost.

Write for free explanatory booklet.

JONES & ATTWOOD, LTD.,
Titan Boiler Works,
STOURBRIDGE.

R·M·S·P
NEW YORK SERVICE
By the "O" Steamers

THE ROYAL MAIL
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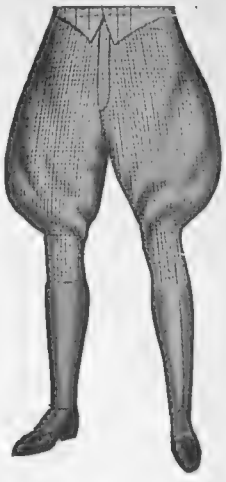

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Patterns & Easy Self-Measurement Form per return post.

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From 7 GUINEAS

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Tailors FREDK. POOLE & CO. *Breeches Makers.*
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WHAT 'THE QUEEN' SAYS about it!

Of all the articles for which the housewife should be thankful, I put custard powder high on the list. But—the custard powder must be good. For that reason Foster Clark's Cream Custard is deservedly popular, for its special creaminess is noticeable.—*"The Queen," Oct. 22/21.*

Sold in Family Tins 1/1, Family Packets 9½d. and in Small Packets.

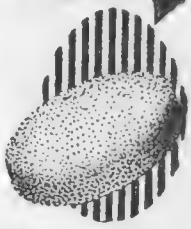
CREAM CUSTARD

Franco-British Exhibon 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this chocolate covered Fruit Lozenge for

CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON



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GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

O'COAT 40/-; SUIT 50/-; LADY'S COSTUME 55/

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and guaranteed "Just like New" by the Original and Leading Turn Clothes Tailors.
Send along at once. Carriage Paid One Way.
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Established 1903. Please mention *The Bystander.*

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD

FILTER

CRAMER PIANOS

The Finest Instruments Obtainable.

For Cash, Hire System, or Ordinary Hire.

ADVANTAGEOUS PRICES AND PRE-WAR TERMS.

Tributes of great musicians to Cramer Pianos from
LEONARD BORWICK, SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, CERNIKOFF, HERBERT FRYER, PERCY GRAINGER, LEONCAVALLO, MASCAGNI, CYRIL SCOTT, COLERIDGE TAYLOR, WILLIAM MURDOCH.

SMALLEST GRAND

J. B. CRAMER & Co., Ltd.
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DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

TOWNSMEN AND SOUTH AFRICAN FARMING

THE great spaces of the Veld are being developed. Farming is increasing there. It is attracting a remarkable community, all men of substance, many of them from the Services, commerce, and the other professions.

Far inland or near the sea, on the open plains and at the foot of mountain ranges, those townsmen are building homes and starting new careers to win a living from the land. It is a sign of the times.

Nowhere is that sign more heartening than in the valleys of the Union of South Africa. Almost untenanted a few years ago, some of those sunny-climated valleys are now being closely settled, and will become highly productive when the man-made lakes are completed for irrigating the rich soil. Given water, almost anything will grow luxuriantly on that soil. The water will be there. Large capital is being spent to ensure that.

Meanwhile, in preparation, all is activity. Bush is being cleared, land is being ploughed, levelled and got ready for crops; brick kilns are providing material for houses, and on every side the newcomers are planning and building, not without difficulties and cares, yet hopefully for the future.

A number of the new homes have been completed in some of the valleys. Well-built brick houses, some gabled, some doubled-storied, many with tiled roofs, all comfortably appointed. Soon they will be embowered in gardens, and shaded by trees, for when the water comes growth will be rapid.

Whatever of difficulty the future may hold for those builders, they will at least have pleasant homes. And in the years to come, when fields and orchards stretch for miles below those homes, there will be all the pioneer's pride in work not only well but probably profitably done.

Then, in the cool of the African night, when from the foliaged residential heights they view their valley, with its twinkling lights from scores of similar homes, those builders from the towns, who had the courage and capital to restart on the land, will find contentment in their work and valley. It will be home in the highest sense—a valley essentially rural yet with plenty of social amenities within reach. For as a newcomer recently said of his valley: "From one end to the other, the society is as good as one could desire." Capital, not less than £2,000, is necessary for a start.

Full particulars of the position and prospect, and of the facilities in South Africa for obtaining training and guidance, should in the first instance be obtained from the Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

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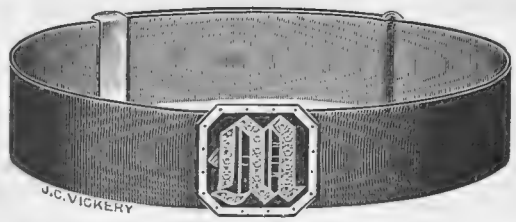
EXCELLENT FOR

Birthday and Bridesmaid's Gifts



Any Initial in Diamonds in

Enamel Border ... ... only £3 18 6

With Pearl Initial 2 10 0

Also with Diamond Flying Duck, Pheasant, Aberdeen Terrier, Foxhead or "Lucky Spider" £5 15 0

With your Lucky Number in Diamonds in Enamel Circle (everyone has a Lucky Number):—

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With 15 ct. Gold "Owl" 57/6, Rabbit 53/6, Pheasant or Chick 63/-, "Lucky Pig" 55/-

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and correct errors of diet by always drinking

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THE FRENCH NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

Secures and maintains a healthy action of the liver.

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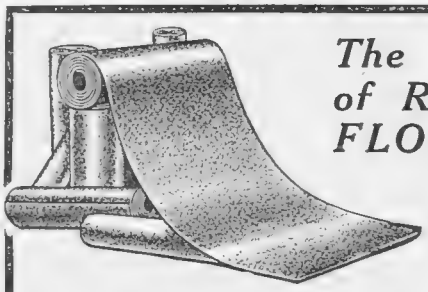

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THE refinement and comfort of a rubber covered floor are now within reach of the majority—"Paraflor" Rubber Carpeting has made this possible at comparatively small cost.

It is easily laid and gives a secure foothold with the softness of a good carpet.

Economically considered, "Paraflor" is excellent—its long life is enhanced by the fact that it is reversible and wears the same throughout.

PARAFLOR REG?

RUBBER CARPETING

48 ins. wide. 12/6 sq. yard.

Obtainable from Leading Furnishers.

Sole Manufacturers.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.

Edinburgh, London and Branches.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

a further representative detail to be noted is the hemming up of the wide georgette sleeves with a band of the material. Wide or narrow, it is now becoming an accepted decree that the wide filmy sleeves shall be steadied and adorned after this manner. Quite a useful frock; this, for *thés dansants*, accompanied by a hat of the same satin trimmed tulle and bronze metal ribbon.

"Ars Celaret Artem"

"*Bien Coiffée, Bien Gantée, Bien Souliée.*" is an old-time saying never more fully recognised by the *vraie élégante* than is the case at present. Of her *coiffure* she is particularly exigeant. This must always present perfection, in addition to its being becoming and in accordance with fashion's decrees.

Among other prevailing fancies is the aggressively puffed out side pieces, a feat by no means easy to achieve lacking extraneous assistance. However, this, together with every other vagary is possible with a "La Naturelle" transformation, M. Georges devising and fashioning these ingenious *postiches* of his to meet every requirement.

An admirable and inestimable accessory at all times, a "La Naturelle" transformation or *toupet* is simply invaluable to those who are desirous of letting their bobbed hair grow again. And it is significant that M. Georges is having even his large resources strained in supplying "La Naturelle" for these cases.

As a triumph of naturalness it is impossible to believe this particular *postiche* work can reach any higher level. But one never knows with an enthusiast and expert as is M. Georges where his energies will end. Meanwhile the constant *va-et-vient* at 40, Buckingham Palace Road, speaks far more eloquently than any words of the high esteem in which this past-master in *postiche* is held.

"LA NATURELLE"

The most perfect transformations, which are always admired but never detected, as the above illustrates, emanate from the House of Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1

Collars for Men

It is not always appreciated by men that a collar should fit as perfectly, if not more so, as the suit. An ill-shaped or clumsy collar can ruin the effect of any well-cut clothes. Robinson and Cleaver's linen-faced collars, of which they are making a special feature during the ensuing weeks, wear exceedingly well, and always retain their beautiful snow-white appearance after repeated washings, as they are faced with purest linen. They are made in any size or shape, the Castle quality, faced with fine linen, priced at 1*s.* 3*d.* each, or the Royal quality, faced with superfine linen, at 1*s.* 6*d.* each, or at 17*s.* 6*d.* and 20*s.* 6*d.* per dozen.

Extra Travel Facilities

The London and North Western Railway announce that commencing on and from February 6, there will be many improvements in the train service as between London (Euston) and Scotland. There will be two sleeping car services from London to Glasgow, the first leaving Euston at 9.20 p.m., due to arrive Glasgow at 6.55 a.m.—the second leaving at 11.15 p.m. (Saturdays excepted, 11 p.m. Saturdays only), arriving Glasgow at 8.15 a.m. The Edinburgh sleeping car night service will be improved by one hour and twenty minutes, leaving Euston at 11 p.m., arriving Edinburgh at 8 a.m. Further particulars can be seen in the Company's announcements.

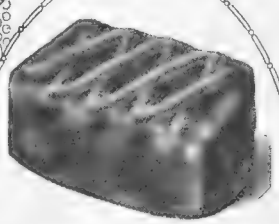
MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of

Maison Lyons Chocolates

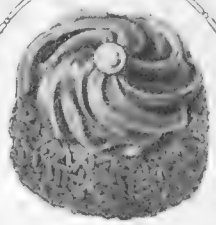
to choose from, each delightful in flavour. A special preference for hard, marzipan or cream centres is catered for by the great variety in each of these kinds. Maison Lyons Chocolates have achieved their present popularity by their delicate flavour and high quality. Try just a half-pound box and you will no longer wonder why!

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES ARE SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Now 4/- lb.



Here is an example of a chocolate with a specially pleasing centre and known as BISCUITINE. This centre consists of alternate layers of wafer biscuit and chocolate ganache.



The dainty decoration of Maison Lyons Chocolates is indicated by this illustration of the MONTMORENCY. This chocolate has a centre of marzipan, cherry flavoured, and whorls of chocolate on top.

When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert; the result is a menage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.

At less than the cost of ONE new SUIT we will keep your Whole wardrobe in order for ONE YEAR

SMARTNESS and economy in CLOTHES.

EASTMAN'S Tailor Valet Service besides offering great convenience to all who take a pride in their personal appearance, saves the cost of constantly buying new garments

Suits and Overcoats are repaired, renovated, shaped and tailor pressed to look like new, and Raincoats are reproofed without extra charge

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for over 100 years the London Dyers & Cleaners,

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Branches Everywhere.

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THE TAILOR-VALET SERVICE

LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES

SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR PROTECTION AGAINST

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FOR LADIES' GUARDS, ETC.

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OPPENHEIMER'S

President:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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SWEETBREAD, MACARONI, AND TOMATO SALAD
CHICKEN SALAD
SMALL SARDINE SALAD
FISH SALAD
ITALIAN SALAD
CORN AND RICE SALAD (A NOVELTY)

Sweetbread, Macaroni, and Tomato Salad

Stew until quite tender a sweetbread (lamb's or calf's) in a little stock. When done, divide in small pieces. In the meantime, boil a little macaroni and put aside to cool. Boil twenty minutes. Make a thick mayonnaise sauce of the yolk of an egg, oil, added a drop at a time, and, when thick, work in tarragon vinegar, salt, pepper, and a spoonful of cream. When the sweetbread and macaroni are cold put them in a salad bowl with chopped lettuce and cress, and garnish with slices of tomato.

Chicken Salad

Cut up a cold chicken into small pieces, dividing the joints neatly, and put it into an entrée-dish or a bowl, season with salt and pepper, pour over a sauce made with oil and vinegar, some stoned olives, and a few capers, and put this dish aside for an hour. Wash and drain two French lettuces and some celery, and place it in alternate layers with the chicken, in the shape of a pyramid, mask with stiff mayonnaise. Garnish with quarters of hard-boiled egg, and serve.

Small Sardine Salad

These should be served in little paper cases or in casserole cups, one to each person. Skin and bone the sardines, and divide them into small pieces. Boil one fair-sized onion, and chop it very finely, break up, also into small pieces, the heart of a lettuce. Place a layer of lettuce in each case, then a tiny sprinkling of onion, then the chopped sardine, and finish with another layer of lettuce. Hard boil the required number of eggs, and chop them up finely, but before putting a final layer of egg pour some mayonnaise or a plain oil and vinegar dressing over the lettuce. Heap up the egg, and send to table.

Fish Salad

Cut up the fish into small pieces (left over salmon or turbot would do excellently), break up the leaves of two French lettuces, add a little fresh chervil, season with salt and pepper; put in three or four spoonfuls of oil and two of tarragon vinegar, mix well, and serve.

Italian Salad

Cut into small dice about four cooked artichokes, and put them into the salad bowl with equal quantities of cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, and cooked haricot beans, according to what is in season, mix with these a few anchovies or olives, and season with sauce tartare.

Corn and Rice Salad (a Novelty)

Turn a tin of corn out on to a sieve, let some cold water from the tap run over it, and let it drain till dry. Boil some rice for fifteen minutes, dry it well till the grains are well separated, and when quite cold mix with the same quantity of corn, a little chopped celery, cover with mayonnaise sauce, and serve. EMELIA

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To open—simply lay the tin down flat, lid upwards. Strike the top edge of the lid ***very hard*** all round with the back of the brush. The lid will expand and lift off easily.

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COAT AND SKIRT in fine quality gabardine; attractive coat cut on entirely new lines with low waist, becomingly finished with braid to tone, collar when unfastened forms bold revers, lined silk throughout, plain, well-cut skirt. In Navy, Black and a few good colours.

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Printed for the Proprietors, GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, by Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, The Arden Press, Stanford Street, London, S.E. 8 and published weekly by GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, at Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, London, E.C. 4.—February 8, 1922.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.